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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

BEHIND the pomp and circumstance in Paris lies a definite political purpose. There is no secret about that. The visit of the King and Queen of England is designed to demonstrate and to strengthen the Anglo-French entente. The Fascist Governments look at it, not unnaturally, with some misgiving, though the comments of the German and Italian press are, on the whole, cautious, and Herr Hitler has seized the occasion to assure Lord Halifax, through his emissary, Herr Wiedemann, of Germany's profound goodwill. There are no fundamental differences, he declares, that need separate the British and German peoples. We agree. There is nothing we desire more than to live in peace and amity with Germany, and it must be the constant aim of British policy to improve our relations. We do not want exclusive alliances or an "encirclement" of Germany. But just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so it takes two to make a friendship. It is idle to pretend that the Nazi regime offers encouragement to those who are striving for appeasement and reconciliation. It is possible for democracies and dictatorships to live side by side; and it would be easier if Fascism were not "an article of export" (with Dr. Goebbels as chief salesman). We agree that it is not our business to interfere in the domestic affairs of Germany. But the Nazis leave no one alone; and by their persecution of the Jews they are making their domestic affairs into a grave international problem.

Germans and Czechs

Nor is Hitler's foreign policy easy to square with his professions of peace and goodwill. His agenda lies before us in the pages of *Mein Kampf*. He is well dug in in Spain. He has put Austria in his pocket. And now he is clamouring for his "settlement" with Czechoslovakia. In his impatience with the Czechs, he urges the British Government to put further pressure on Prague. He complains of the delay in the preparation of the Nationalities Statutes, though the behaviour of the Sudeten Germans rather suggests a desire to avoid a settlement which would weaken the basis of future agitation. The only possible attitude for Britain is to warn Hitler of the certainty of war in Europe if he proceeds to extremes, while making it clear that we are prepared to co-operate in remedying all real grievances. The Nazis' attempt to treat the British Government as their agent in the matter reveals an excessive confidence in Mr. Chamberlain as their ally. Their own behaviour last week-end in inventing, or at least seizing on the invention of, a Czech "mobilisation" is not reassuring. Even more disturbing are the "Fourteen Points" of the Sudeten Germans' demands, published on Tuesday. These go much farther than Herr Henlein's original demands, and the Czech Government cannot be expected to concede them as they stand.

Portugal's Dilemma

We do not know whether Hitler regards his doings in Spain as an entirely negligible factor in Anglo-German relations. Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, has been complaisant enough, but Mr. Chamberlain is very far from representing the views of the whole British nation—or even of the whole of his own party. Public opinion in this country—including a large section who have no particular sympathy for the Spanish Government—is profoundly disturbed by the entrenchment of the Fascist Powers in the Iberian Peninsula, and profoundly sceptical of assurances by Duce and Führer that they have no object beyond the purely disinterested one of assisting General Franco to purge his country of Bolshevism. Even Portugal, as well as Spain, it seems, may be threatened. The Germans deny, officially and indignantly, the report of a lecture by General von Reichenau, in which he is alleged to have hinted at the disappearance of Portugal as an independent State. But whether the General did or did not give that lecture, there is ground for anxiety about the future of Portugal, and the Portuguese themselves feel it. When President Salazar gave his backing to Franco a couple of years ago, he envisaged a short war which would leave Portugal, with Spain on one side in the hands of a friendly dictatorship, and with a sea coast, on the other, secured by the British sea-power. What he sees now is not Franco, but Germany and Italy as prospective masters of Spain, and a Portugal which is not adequately secured by defence from the sea since it can be destroyed with little difficulty from the air bases across its land frontiers.

Anglo-German Friendship?

If Germany is really as eager as Hitler says for improved relations with Britain, there is no obstacle on our side. We should be ready, indeed, to remedy any just grievance, not merely by mediation, but also by reasonable concessions of our own. The material concessions Germany demands from us, it seems, are colonies, but he is prepared to wait for them until he has completed a programme of conquest in Europe. What we can and should do is to try to ensure Germany with everyone else a fair share in the benefits we derive from the colonies. A closed British Empire is an invitation to trouble, an obstacle to unity among the democracies and a bull-point for Fascist propaganda. But while putting our own house in order we cannot be expected to be indifferent to the fate of Spain, or to be a willing party to the destruction of Czechoslovakia. We cannot shut our eyes to the racial persecution which is disgracing Germany. Here at least is an opportunity for the Nazis to temper their brutality with a drop of common sense. The Evian Conference has set up an organisation for assisting the refugees whom the German Government is coolly dumping on the world. It would ease the task of the none too willing world if, as Lord Halifax told Wiedemann the other day, Germany herself took a share in the work. That ironical phrase means no more than that the Jews should not be stripped practically naked before they leave Germany! If Hitler says "No" even to this, what value can we attach to his talk of friendship?

Hungary and the Nazis

Béla Imrédy, the Hungarian Prime Minister, is earning golden opinions. His appointment in the second week of May stopped the rot of panicky subservience to Nazi Germany that set in after the annexation of Austria by the Reich. This week he has boldly grasped the nettle of the Arrow Cross or National Socialist Party led by Francis Szálasi. Major Szálasi himself has been condemned by the courts to three years' penal servitude, the authors and printers of illegal political pamphlets have been arrested and other members of the Party prosecuted for defying the police ban on political activity. But it is too soon to hang out the flags. Major Szálasi has on at least three previous occasions been condemned to various terms of imprisonment, and not one of the sentences was carried out. He is at present in "protective custody" pending a further appeal. This time, however, it looks as if the group in power in Hungary have really decided to close their ranks against the Hungarian Nazis. M. Homan, Minister without portfolio, the member of the Cabinet most suspect of Nazi sympathies, has resigned. And the Prime Minister and M. Kánya have been paying a call on Signor Mussolini in Rome to salvage what they can from the wreck of the Roman Protocols. Hungary in short is not to be thought of as an obstacle to the advance of Fascism in Europe, but she will be antagonist to the Nazi advance until sure that she is to share the spoils and herself remain independent.

The U.A.B. and the Wage Level

On Monday the House of Commons debated at length the report of the Unemployment Assistance Board, and proceeded to approve the new regulations providing for special winter allowances. Throughout the debate two issues predominated—the Government's complacent acquiescence in a very high level of unemployment even at times of high industrial activity, and the relationship between allowances under the Means Test and the normal wages of the Board's applicants. The Minister's reply was thoroughly unsatisfactory on both points. As several critics from the Conservative side pointed out, the Government plainly regards a high level of unemployment as inevitable, in good and bad times alike, and proposes to do nothing about it beyond continuing relief on the Means Test principle. As for the relation between relief and wages, Mr. Brown announced that "a large addition to the Trade Board system would not be generally agreed in industry," and took credit for the extension of the system to the bakeries and for the discussions now proceeding about its application to the distributive trades. There was no sign of any willingness to face the fact that the worst cases of low wages occur very often in trades and services of a highly miscellaneous character, which need something different from a Trade Board of the traditional type. It is all to the good that the U.A.B.'s proceedings should be focusing attention on the low wage problem but it does seem that the Government will do anything to obstruct attempts to get the problem properly handled.

The Miners Confer

The Mineworkers' Federation, in conference this week, has been discussing the scheme drawn up by the National Executive on the instructions of last year's Conference for a single National Union. At present, each coalfield has its separate Union, with its own funds and rules; and there are wide differences in scales of contributions and benefits, as well as in financial strength and membership, between the districts. This is a source of weakness

in disputes; and it also makes it easier for the colliery owners to refuse to deal with the miners nationally, and to insist on negotiating separately in each area. There are, however, big difficulties in the way of a fusion of all the district Unions into a single body—difficulties of finance, of personality, and perhaps above all of tradition. This week's Conference decided to refer the proposals to the district Unions, which are to report their verdicts to a special Conference in the coming winter. At the opening session the Miners' President, Mr. Joseph Jones, created a small storm by declaring that the strike weapon was obsolete—though he qualified his statement by admitting that it might have to be used in the very last resort. The miners, of course, have had their fill of strikes and lock-outs in recent years; and they are not likely to resort to them save under extreme pressure. But, though they have suffered grave defeats, their position would be a great deal worse than it is if the colliery owners were not well aware that, in the last resort, they are still ready to fight for reasonable treatment and against unfair discrimination.

Ships

The new edition of *Lloyd's Register Book* comes opportunely as a means of measuring the present position of the British mercantile marine. The British share of total world tonnage has shrunk from over 50 per cent. in 1901 and 41.6 per cent. in 1914 to 26.4 per cent. in 1938; but the British merchant fleet, with 17,675,000 tons, is still practically twice as large as the next biggest, that of the United States (excluding vessels on the Great Lakes) with 8,936,000. Japan now comes third, with 5,000,000 tons, followed by Norway, with 4,613,000, and Germany, with 4,232,000. Qualitatively, however, the British position is better than the gross totals suggest. Eliminating small, very old, and specialised vessels, Lloyd's finds that the British proportion of general ocean-going tonnage rises to nearly 36 per cent. instead of 24. Of oil-tankers Great Britain owns 2,672,000 tons and the United States 2,760,000 tons, out of a total tonnage of 10,716,000. Norway is the remaining big owner, with nearly 2,000,000 tons. Over the world as a whole, the change in types of vessel and in fuel consumed have been remarkable. In 1914 nearly 90 per cent. of all the tonnage on the register used coal; now the percentage is 46½. Oil-burning steamers have risen from 2½ per cent. to 30 per cent., and motor ships from ½ per cent. to 22½. In 1937 Japan added 531,000 tons to her merchant fleet, Germany 306,000, Norway 266,000, and Holland 221,000, as compared with Great Britain's 237,000. Italy, which made large additions in previous years, added only 78,000 last year, and France only 33,000. The United States tonnage continued to decline; it has dropped by more than five million tons since the post-war peak of 1922.

The Law's Delays

The Government's Bill to authorise the appointment of three additional Lord Justices of Appeal (at the expense of reducing from six to five the number of Judges in the Chancery Division) led to a debate in which the law's delays were attacked, both by Mr. Clement Davies and Sir Stafford Cripps, on a wider front. Mr. Davies once more drew the attention of the House to the congestion in the King's Bench Division; at the beginning of the present term 993 cases were awaiting trial, and the number had since risen to 1,147. Nearly all these cases would have to stand over until October, and equally great hardship was created by congestion of civil cases at local Assizes. The appointment of several additional High Court Judges is imperative if the administration of justice is not to fall into public disrepute, and more is likely to be heard of Sir Stafford Cripps's plea, which Mr. Davies endorsed, that there should be a Minister of Justice, responsible to the House of Commons. As it is, reform is at the mercy of the Lord Chancellor's Department, and the Commons have little influence in the matter, since neither the Attorney-General nor the Solicitor-General has any responsibility for the administration or staffing of the Courts. This is an unduly high price to pay for maintaining a system based on the principle that the Judicature must be completely independent of the Executive. Actually the administration of justice is one of the prime functions of the State, and in a democratic State a Minister should be responsible for its efficiency.

Payment in Advance

The final stage of this year's Finance Bill in the House of Commons was preceded by a Supplementary Estimate for £22,900,000 on R.A.F. account, bringing total Air expenditure for 1938–39 up to £126,400,000, of which £52,900,000 (including the whole of the new Supplementary) is being financed by loan. Well might Sir John Simon, moving the Finance Bill's third reading, deplore unproductive expenditure on this mounting scale. As the Chancellor spoke, the Air Minister was announcing that he had given Lord Nuffield an immediate order for 1,000 Spitfire fighters, and that their production would be the work of a large new factory now under construction at Castle Bromwich. Preparations for the next war are clearly destined to tax the resources of the strongest. That nations with a lower war potential than ours have succeeded, and may long succeed, in diverting to armaments such a large proportion of their productive capacity is due to the great increase during the past ten years in industrial productivity per man and unit of plant employed.

The Sandys Case

The proposal that the Report of the Committee of Privileges should be referred back for reconsideration in the light of fresh evidence was very properly dropped after a debate which was enlivened only by Mr. A. P. Herbert's picture of Mr. Churchill as a centre forward blowing the whistle for his own goal. The Committee found that the summons to Mr. Sandys to appear before a military Court of Inquiry was a breach of privilege. That finding stands. The Speaker, the House and the public erroneously assumed (as doubtless did the Committee) that the Court issued the summons, whereas it was apparently served on Mr. Sandys at the instance of the G.O.C. Eastern Command. The Court is therefore exonerated; but the exact apportionment of blame for the breach of privilege as between this or that section of the War Office machine was never a point of serious public importance. The issue is the application of the Official Secrets Acts to M.P.s, and for clarification of that the Select Committee's report must be awaited.

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NAZI PROPAGANDA

So many of us remember the excesses of spy mania during the war and we are all of us so anxious, if it is possible, to reach a decent accommodation with present-day Germany that we are loth to listen to questions in the House of Commons about Aldershot servant-maids reporting conversations overheard at dinner-tables or of women in Scotland who act as accommodation addresses for German spies. Yet we are all uneasily aware of the disruptive effects of Nazi propaganda in Europe and in South America as well as the United States. Vague talk is dangerous. It seems worth while to explain in bald and factual terms the methods of Nazi propaganda now being used in this country.

In England we have not so many Germans, and among them are refugees who include some of the finest minds of our generation. Nor is there the least unfriendliness to individual Germans in this country. But in the long run the best hope of peace lies in understanding the tactics of Dr. Goebbels, not in waiting until some event awakens an indifferent and peace-loving public to the facts about Nazi penetration, both here and in the Empire. Whatever our differences about foreign policy, Englishmen should agree in resisting, while there is still time to resist without war, a propaganda designed to substitute for the British tradition of freedom, a system of ideas in which a racial superstition is elevated into a religion, in which tolerance is despised as decadent, and every civilised value repudiated in favour of the glorification of violence.

Dr. Goebbels has divided the countries of Europe into three categories: (1) Countries of future German expansion: Czechoslovakia, the Baltic Republics and the Balkans, where German propaganda is to serve the purpose of paving the way for the future entry of the German Army. (2) Countries like France, the political independence of which is to be destroyed. (3) Countries like England, which are to be won over or neutralised while expansion goes on elsewhere.

When Goebbels took over the Ministry of Propaganda in 1933, he found a Britain that was profoundly pacifist and haunted with a bad conscience about the Versailles settlement. Therefore, Messrs. Muller and Sons, publishers in Berlin, were entrusted with printing pamphlets in English, appealing to the English sense of fair play, representing the Treaty of Versailles as the greatest injustice in human history. They are written in faultless English—most probably by Englishmen. For the same purpose, an "Anglo-American" Publishing Company (we cannot find that any American citizen was connected with the enterprise) was formed with branches in Berlin and Hamburg. These pamphlets were to prepare the ground and thus soften the blow, and were usually sent to England a couple of months before each of Hitler's coups.

Knowing that there is a great deal of genuine pacifism in England, Goebbels set out to direct it into German channels. A typical example of this technique is a booklet entitled *Germany and Peace—A Soldier's Message*, by Rudolph Hess, Ministry of the Reich and Deputy Leader, intended, as it is stated on the cover, "only for private circulation." This pamphlet talks in language we can all accept about the futility of war and the common interests of German and English ex-servicemen. "As one who fought in the front-line trenches to other front-line soldiers throughout the world," Hess asks, "Must this thing be? With good will and co-operation cannot we save humanity from this?"

How willingly we all subscribe to a declaration of this kind! But why does Dr. Goebbels not extend the scope of his pacifism to countries to the east of the German frontier or for that matter to the south of the Pyrenees? And why did Hess in the pamphlet we have quoted forget to remind us, as Goebbels has informed the German people, that the object of the Nazis is to extirpate, if necessary by force, all the false principles of democracy, wherever they are cherished?

Since propaganda only succeeds with the proper geese, it must be selected for its audience. In Britain Nazi propaganda exploits those humanitarian and tolerant sentiments which it most despises and suppresses with so much ruthlessness in Germany. Thus in a pamphlet entitled the "Truth about Spain," by Dr. Goebbels himself, the main stress is laid on stories of Catholic priests imprisoned and executed, churches destroyed and holy places desecrated. Nordic Germany with its new paganism and its imprisoned clerics becomes for the British public the champion of Christianity. Accusing the Dean of Canterbury of ignorance, Dr. Goebbels is seized with a fit of piety and exclaims, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The familiar words might carry a different significance to the followers of Dr. Niemöller. But this particular pamphlet was not written for German evangelicals or Catholics.

Germany carries on an intensive anti-Semitic campaign in many countries, including Britain. An investigator who has made a long and careful inquiry into this matter states as an assured conclusion that, of the large sum allotted for propaganda in Britain by the German propaganda authorities, at least a third is spent on the anti-Semitic campaign. This campaign serves a double purpose: it endangers the position of foreign Jews who are regarded as eternal enemies of the Reich, and diverts tendencies that would otherwise be merely anti-Semitic into actively pro-Germanic channels. Here the "World Service" organisation has been brought into full action. It publishes a fortnightly bulletin in eight languages, and claims a large circulation in the United States and other countries. The seat of the organisation is in Erfurt, where an anti-Semitic Congress meets once a year. The general tone of this publication is not coarse, crazy and sadistic like that of *Der Stürmer* or of other leaflets intended for a purely German or Fascist public. Its articles are meant to appeal to "intellectuals"—though such titles as "Jewish Parasitism in National Life," "Jewish Rascality," "A Further Defeat of the International Bible Service," suggest a mentality not in reality far removed from that of Herr Streicher.

"World Service" is available to any Gentile who pays the sum of three marks and signs a declaration that he is not of Jewish origin, nor in any way connected by marriage with Jews. In a diagram supposed to show how Jewry controls the world, France, Russia, and the United States are represented as being completely under the control of the Jew; whilst England, Japan, and Italy are only economically controlled. That was published in 1935—before the Axis.

It was mainly the middle class who helped Hitler into

power in Germany, and Dr. Goebbels knows that the middle classes all over the world have very much the same psychology and the same fears. If one wants to conquer Suburbia the best weapon is the "Communist Menace." It has for the Nazis the double advantage of opening the door for their propaganda among many middle-class people who are not yet "politically minded" and of undermining friendship between Britain, France and Russia. The publications of the "Anti-Comintern News Service" can be obtained free of charge from any German propaganda agency in London.

This brings us to the agencies used for distributing such leaflets. First there are a series of organisations with their headquarters in London, sometimes boasting a considerable membership, and all, with one exception, supervised and controlled by the Propaganda Department of the German Embassy. Secondly, there is a looser organisation of individuals chosen to approach important people who would hesitate to take part in organised propaganda. For this method of individual approach about 120 well-trained German propagandists, mostly with a University education, have been imported into England. They all speak fluent English and their job is to tackle individual cases. Finally, several thousand domestic servants have been allowed by the German Ministry of Labour to obtain work here, after coaching in the right questions to ask and the right answers to give while in England.

First, then, let us consider the propaganda done by specific organisations. These seek to provide suitable pro-Nazi clubs for every social group and clique in England. Some specialise in students and organise German lessons, discussion groups, rambles and other social activities. Then there are clubs for business-men. Here diagrams are displayed to show that German industry has been booming in the last four years. A professor of German economics, who had come here to give a course of lectures, explained to his English audience that one of the characteristics of the Nazi regime is to foster private enterprise.

The most important of the organisations of Nazi propaganda is the very respectable "Link," with reputable Englishmen at its head. With its headquarters in Holborn, it controls branches in Chelsea, Hampstead, Wimbledon, Acton and other suburbs. London has been divided into sectors, with an experienced organiser at the head of each local group. The danger of this organisation lies in the fact that it recruits its members chiefly amongst the small middle class—city typists, bank clerks, private secretaries—in other words, people who do not know much about politics and may easily be convinced that Nazi Germany is the finest country under the sun. The appeal to join is very attractive to good-natured and idealistic people who want above all things to avoid war and are readily persuaded that they are promoting the cause of peace by mixing with Germans in this country or spending their holidays with nice young people in the Reich. Its real purpose is quite hidden from them. Similar propaganda in a less open manner is carried out in academic clubs. In the "Link" lonely city girls have a chance of meeting people, going out to parties, dances and other social functions. Members of the "Link" are seldom bothered with lectures. But a weekly bulletin printed in Germany is freely distributed among all the members. An English member, who is an employee of an insurance firm, was heard at the time of the rape of Austria to recite almost word by word an article that appeared in the "Link's" weekly journal, explaining that the conquest of Austria was practically an act of charity on behalf of Hitler towards the poor Austrians.

Members of Parliament, University professors, and journalists clearly would not fit into any of the organisations set up by the Department of Propaganda of the German Embassy. They must be "approached individually" and by different methods. The literature that is sent to them differs widely in subject and tone from the leaflets distributed amongst the members of the "Link." Flattery is an effective weapon with people of social standing. They are often invited personally to visit Germany, where they get a reception completely out of proportion to their importance and the position that they occupy in England.

This outline of Nazi propaganda in Britain only touches the fringe of the subject. It is a difficult subject to deal with in detail, partly because of the laws of libel, and partly because the Nazi network involves scores of quite innocent people who are honestly persuaded that they are promoting the cause of peace without realising that they are the dupes of a propaganda the object of which is not peace but British approval of Fascist ideas and Fascist expansion. It is a mistake to assume that Nazi propaganda has no serious political significance in this country. British Fascism makes little or no open progress, but British good nature and gullibility may do much that Sir Oswald Mosley's methods cannot accomplish. And, leaving aside the long-distance effects of German propaganda, it is interesting to notice that the thousands of members of organisations like the "Link" are being told that the only person with whom Germany is prepared to reach an amicable understanding is the present Prime Minister—Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

THE PROSPECTS OF COMMUNISM IN CHINA TO-DAY

[This article is the result of an investigation undertaken by our correspondent in Northern China. His last two articles appeared in our issues of May 21st and 28th.]

IT is already clear that the China which entered the present conflict will bear few resemblances to the one that survives it. The enormous losses suffered by the Chinese bourgeoisie, the blows which have been dealt to foreign rights and interests in the Yangtse valley and North China, the removal of the capital to the interior, the flight of educational institutions from the maritime provinces, the elimination of the war-lords, the rising national and military spirit of the Chinese people, the levelling influence of high taxation, and the development of peasant nationalism in the hinterland, have changed the social and political climate of China to such a degree that no one can predict the future. The creation of a national army is in itself an achievement of enormous significance; in fact, this war has probably done in twelve months what it would have taken sixty years to accomplish under ordinary circumstances.

Not least among the changes is the new position of the Communist Party. Only two years ago the Red Army was fighting against the National Government, now it is the 8th Route Army, a part of the national forces fighting against the Japanese, while the party itself has representatives in the highest departments of government and publishes a paper in Hankow. More important still, the vast area which is bounded by the Peking-Paotow railway on the north, the Peking-Pukow railway on the east and the Yellow River on the west and south is divided into five areas, each of which is under the control of the provisional capital of the 8th Route Army at Fuping and each of which is an independent centre of guerilla warfare.

If the war continues for another year there will be, north of the Yellow River, an entirely new order of things. It is the quality and quantity of the political work of the 8th Route Army in this area which will determine the future relations between the Communists and the Kuomintang. If the work is sound and permanent it would be even more difficult for the Kuomintang than for the Japanese to attempt to restore the *status quo ante*; the revival of civil war would be out of the question; there could not be another 1927. No terms that the Japanese can offer would make it worth while for Chiang Kai-shek to attempt to accept peace on the basis of the anti-Comintern pact. This means war to the finish.

What, then, is happening in this vast hinterland? What policies is the 8th Route Army following and to what extent are they successful? How are the people being organised and what is the method of guerilla warfare? What do the Communists hope to gain from this venture and to what extent are they loyal to the Kuomintang?

That the Communists wanted this war goes without question. The necessity of fighting Japan is the one consistent theme in their propaganda from 1930 to the present time; the whole burden of the slogans whitewashed on the walls of Kiangsi farmhouses, as of the official resolutions passed in Party Conferences at Juiching, the old capital, is that Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang are "running dogs" of the Imperialist Powers and collaborators with Japan in the exploitation of the masses of China. The extent to which they were responsible for the outbreak of hostilities last year is a matter which cannot be decided now, but it is worth mentioning that when the question was put to a Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, soon after the Sian affair, he replied that alliance between the Communists and the Kuomintang would neither hasten nor delay the war, the chief factor was the internal situation in Japan. The large measure of truth in this cannot be denied; nor can it be denied, however, that the spread of the Communist propaganda among the younger officers and the common soldiers, even in the war-lord armies of the north, made it impossible for Nanking to compromise any further. This matter is now academic. The point is that the Communists have subordinated practically everything else in their programme to this one aim, and if this aim is taken as fundamental to their policy they have been quite consistent. In season and out of season, resistance to the Japanese has been urged upon the Chinese people and Government, and for eight years the Communists have prepared as well as preached for the day. These eight years have left their mark.

The quality of the work which the Communists are now doing in these five areas can best be understood in the light of the changes in their policies and tactics. The most obvious is that the policy of a United Front against Japan overrides all other considerations. In the old days only three classes were recognised—soldiers, workers and peasants. Now the class issue is not raised and instead of the class enemy we now have the national; the traitor replaces the landlord, the gentry and the capitalist as the enemy of the people and the chief source of revenue. It must not be thought that traitor is merely a new name for the rich; there is plenty of evidence that those who remain with the Communists are well treated, whatever their economic position. But the Communists themselves are aware that it is not easy to undo immediately their former propaganda, and measures had to be taken against those out-of-date enthusiasts who killed landlords on the grounds that they were by nature pro-Japanese. That the change in attitude is real can be seen in their new methods of political organisation. Instead of forcing a highly theoretical system on to the situation as they did in Kiangsi, the Communists are working from the bottom upwards by using every organisation that existed before the incident. Experience, apparently, is responsible for the new principle in the instructions to the party that it is bad policy to control mass movements, that the people must organise themselves, that their organisations must be independent and democratically constituted. While it is hoped that they will avoid policies which will interfere with guerilla warfare, all mass organisations are free to prepare strikes and demonstrations against landlords and capitalists. The "democratic" movement, which means the establishment of some approximation to representative institutions, the legal recognition of Trade Unions and the right to strike, the development of social legislation, the guarantee of minimum wages for workers and protection of the rights of tenants, to mention only the important points, must go hand-in-hand with the "revolutionary war" against Japan.

The chief weapon in this war is guerilla tactics under the direction of the 8th Route Army. But the "Red Army" is not put on a pedestal as it was in Kiangsi. In the old days the privileges of the army as described in the constitution of the Chinese Soviet Republic occupied several pages of print; the army was assured a dominating position in social, economic and political affairs. It is experience, apparently, which accounts for the reversal of this policy. So much care is taken to give the peasantry a sense of their importance and of the subordination of the military to the civil authorities that every village "Self-Protection" organisation has the right to stop anyone, including the highest army officials, and demand passports; for the passport system, which provides a check on everyone's movements, has stood the test of time. What is more, the army eats cheaper food than the peasants, wears cheaper clothes and receives no pay. It is true that the political commissar system is retained, but this is important in guerilla fighting where high morale is essential. The commissar has the final decision in the field; he decides whether the objective is worth the probable expenditure in life, and as a result of this high respect for the lives of guerilla fighters the Communists have developed in their troops considerable bravery and excellent discipline. This applies only to the mobile units, the guerilla army proper, not to the hundreds of thousands of peasants under arms, who are expected to defend nothing more than their own villages. The training of officers for this army is two-thirds political and one-third military; guerillas must know what they are fighting for, how to treat the peasants and, only lastly, how to fight. The peasants get their political training from speeches and from the theatre, a powerful organ of propaganda which is being very skilfully used. From the theatre spread forth the simple stories of Japanese atrocities which provide the basis of peasant nationalism.

It is in the treatment of the peasantry that some of the greatest contrasts are found between the old and the new policies. Gone are the attempts at collective farming, the forcible redistribution of land, the class war against landlords and gentry, the destruction of title deeds and the cancellation of all debts. But the uniform progressive tax remains and is so arranged as virtually to exempt the poor from taxation. A moratorium is declared on mortgages and loans, peasant unions are allowed, but those who do not work with their hands are excluded. The lands of "traitors" are divided among the land-hungry patriots, the definition of "traitor" being anyone who has any dealings with the Japanese or seeks his own individual profit to the prejudice of the public interest. By and large, however, the agrarian system remains; the lot of the poorest tenants is slightly bettered and the progressive tax is putting the burdens on the rich, but it is the rich landlord himself, not outside authorities, who in the village "Mobilisation Committee" votes away his own revenues and requisitions his own food. The levelling influence of war and the growth of strong peasant organisations will obviously lead to social and economic change in the villages which will survive the war, for they will come not in the name of class conflict, but in the name of national patriotism. This is the key to the Communist position.

The strength of Communism in China has never lain in its military power, but in its leadership and capacity to win the support of the people. From this point of view the Chinese Communists have never, in all their varied history, been in a stronger position than they are in to-day. They have found the basis for peasant nationalism, the merciless raping and

shooting by the Japanese soldiers who spare neither rich nor poor; they have discovered the secret of peasant co-operation, the freedom and independence of peasant organisations and the "inevitability of gradualness" in changing social customs; they bring the secrets of successful guerilla fighting, high respect for the lives of their men, long preparation, intense political training and leadership. What is more, by subordinating everything in their programme to the war of national liberation, they make it possible to co-operate with the intellectuals and with the government. The man in the long gown is no longer, *ipso facto*, an enemy; the guerilla armies are full of students, the administration is staffed with ex-professors, the factories and newspaper offices are run by technical experts from the richest universities. But is this Communism? In the five areas under the Fuping government, which is directly responsible to Hankow, there are more Kuomintang flags than there were before Lukouchiao, more national feeling, more allegiance to the Central Government. Is this a process of self-immolation? Will Communism die because it has been successful?

The answer depends on several variables. The longer the war continues the more the Central Government will have to depend upon the people, and here, north of the Yellow River, is the model for democratic leadership and national patriotism. If the Kuomintang can follow this course, then Communism as such will be unnecessary, for it will have achieved its purposes. But the fact that the Kuomintang is now fighting Japan does not automatically change its leaders into angels of light; it is still possible for certain groups to attempt another 1927 divorce, and it still remains to be seen whether Chiang Kai-shek can lead China along the new path. The issue within the Government will be fought out in the next few months. Meanwhile, it seems clear that it is too late for Japan to offer, or for Hankow to accept, terms which would attempt to restore the *status quo ante*, and only a few more months are necessary for the 8th Route Army to have in North China a hostage to Chinese nationalism and peasant democracy which may well be of decisive importance in the future of the Far East.

THE CASE FOR LEISURE AND THE OBSTACLES.—II.

[Mr. Cole's first article on this subject appeared in our issue of July 9.]

In a previous article evidence was offered that unemployment is now endemic in our economic system at not less than 7 per cent. over the main part of the country, excluding a further 3 per cent. attributable to the position of the depressed areas. This 7 or 10 per cent. is not an average over periods of good and bad trade, but a minimum for a period of high economic activity, such as existed in 1937. The article also pointed out the difficulties in the way of curing this waste of resources by any general reduction of working hours; for if such a reduction did increase costs it would cause demand to fall, and if it did not increase costs it would result in an addition to the volume of technological unemployment. In effect, there seems to be no way, under the existing economic system, of employing all the available workers—no way, that is, of making it worth while for profit-seeking capitalism to employ them.

The United States, confronted with this dilemma, has reduced working hours, but has been able to achieve a high level of employment only for as long as the Government has kept up a high level of expenditure which has put money directly into the pockets of the consumers. Germany, indeed, has for the time being banished unemployment and created a situation in which there is a positive shortage of labour. But this too has involved very heavy State borrowing, and a drastic compulsion upon private business to spend its reserves and a large part of its current profits on new capital extensions, whether it wishes to or no. France, where profit still rules the roast, has reduced hours without materially reducing unemployment. New Zealand does appear to have adopted the forty-hour week in industry with real success; but New Zealand's problem is so different from that of any industrial country that no easy moral can be drawn.

What are we to do? It is manifestly absurd to keep one part of the people working long hours while another part can find no work at all, or at most only intermittent jobs between long spells of benefit or State assistance. It is common sense that hours should be reduced as speedily as possible to forty-four as a maximum and to forty in the more exacting occupations. But how are we to set about this, if employers will retaliate by either reducing output or throwing more people out of work by increasing mechanisation? A distinction needs to be drawn between these two reactions; for, though they both create unemployment, their further effects are not the same. Reduced output must mean impoverishment and a lower standard of life. Increased mechanisation should mean the very opposite, though as matters stand it is more likely to leave output and standards of living practically unchanged. It is, however, clear that, in a system dependent on the profit-motive, reduced hours and increased mechanisation are linked very closely together.

But it by no means follows that, where mechanisation advances rapidly, it will be accompanied by a shortening of hours; for Trade Unionism is apt to be at its weakest in the most highly mechanised trades. This points to the need for some public regulation of working hours beyond what is provided by the Factory Acts; otherwise advancing trades, which could well afford to concede shorter hours, will continue to shelter behind less prosperous industries whose leaders can argue that it is impossible to reduce hours without either wage-reductions which the workers will not accept or a loss of business leading to increased unemployment. The fact that the cotton trade cannot afford to add to its costs is no reason at all why the manufacturers of mass-produced luxury goods for the home market should be allowed to work their employees long hours.

The Government, arguing that general reduction of hours is economically impracticable at present, has taken the line that no improvement is possible except by way of collective bargaining industry by industry. This, however, means in effect that no pressure at all will be applied in many of the cases where the ability to shorten hours is greatest, because the Trade Unions are not well enough organised to bring the requisite forces into play. If we want to prepare the way for a general forty, or even forty-four, hour week by shortening hours in the industries which can most easily meet the demand we shall need to supplement Trade Union by State action, and to devise a machine which, even if it deals separately with each trade or industry, makes it possible to apply parallel pressure at a number of different points.

Here it is that the demand for a shorter working week links up with the demand for an extension of the legal minimum wage. What is needed is an extended application of the Trade Board method over a wide range of growing trades which mass-produce luxury and semi-luxury goods, but with power to the Trade Boards to deal directly with hours as well as wages, and to legislate for a working week substantially shorter than the 48-hour standard at present adopted in most of the existing Trade Board trades. It might be necessary to modify the Trade Board method to some extent in order to make it fit the conditions of a wide group of less clearly defined trades than those at present subject to the Trade Boards Acts; but this offers no difficulty. Something of the same nature is already being worked out in connection with the prospective application of the minimum wage system to the wide range of distributive trades.

By combined State action and Trade Union bargaining it would be possible appreciably to shorten the working week over a large part of the economic system, without the dislocation which an attempt to apply a uniform measure to all industries would at present involve. But it is clear that shorter hours, introduced in this way, will not solve the unemployment problem. Certain trades indeed must take on additional labour as working hours are reduced; but these are mostly

among the very trades in which costs will be increased by the change. Elsewhere the pace of mechanisation will be accelerated; and most of the unemployment will not be directly touched. The gain will be simply the added leisure of the workers whose hours are decreased, not the absorption of any large number of the unemployed.

There will indeed be some reduction of unemployment through the first effects of increasing mechanisation, which will increase the rate of obsolescence of older plant and factories, and so stimulate the process of new investment in capital goods. But it is clear that this contribution, though important in its indirect as well as in its direct effects, will not be large enough to make much impression on the volume of unemployment in general. If hours are to be successfully reduced over a wide range, the level of consumers' demand must be kept high enough to make it possible to achieve the maximum economies of specialised large-scale production. But this is precisely where the existing economic system is apt to fail.

It follows that the condition of a successful reduction of working hours is that it should be accompanied by an independent policy designed to maintain the volume of employment and consumers' demand at the highest possible level. This can be done only if investment demand—that is, the demand for capital goods—is kept high not merely in the producing industries under private control, but also in the public utility services, and especially in the building and allied industries. For these "service" and constructional occupations constitute to-day so large a part of the total potential demand for capital goods that, unless they are active, the demand for consumers' goods cannot possibly be kept high.

In summary, shorter hours are widely practicable under the present system only if (*a*) the State steps in to enforce them, and (*b*) consumers' demand expands enough to enable costs to be reduced by full utilisation of highly mechanical plant. But this second condition requires that the State must pursue an active policy in maintaining employment in the constructional and public utility trades—which means in effect a combination of cheap credit and public works. If the profit-makers are left to themselves, they will continue to enforce long hours on the plea that they cannot afford to raise costs, and to manufacture unemployment by refusing to expand output to a level which will allow substantial cost-reductions to be achieved. Only public action can resolve this dilemma.

G. D. H. COLE.

A LONDON DIARY

PEOPLE who know the new Director-General of the B.B.C. all seem to like him, and the only reason which the press has so far found for disliking him is that it knows nothing about him. It seems probable that he will make a better job of staff relations at the B.B.C. than his predecessor, and the type of "drive" which made Sir John Reith a big man as well as a much criticised one is now scarcely required in Broadcasting House. Whether Mr. Ogilvie is also in his own way a strong man we shall learn as time goes on. He comes in at the head of an immense machine run on rigidly bureaucratic lines. It would be easy, I take it, for him to go along quietly, slightly improving Sunday programmes, using his knowledge of adult education to encourage a department which has recently suffered eclipse, avoiding controversy and letting things jog along quietly. So much is within the compass of any competent man. Mr. Ogilvie has in addition the reputation among his friends and colleagues of possessing an exceptionally charming personality, a liberal mind, high moral standards, a virginal political record and an unusual share of fair-mindedness and toleration. But I am inclined to believe from what I know of his career, and particularly from one incident in Belfast, that Mr. Ogilvie may have other stronger qualities. Whether he has the initiative and the courage that the B.B.C. needs, if the recent deterioration in its standards is to be checked, if there is to be much more frank speaking from all sides on controversial subjects, if, above all, the B.B.C. is to play the key role that it can play in the struggle for freedom in the world to-day—whether he has the qualities for this kind of initiative is still guess-work.

* * *

Since we should give credit where it is due, I want to say that Sir Samuel Hoare is the most liberal Home Secretary we have had since the war. He has been to my knowledge tested on a number of difficult questions, connected, for instance, with the treatment of aliens, and he has shown himself considerate, painstaking and broad-minded. It appears from reports of his discussion with representatives of the B.M.A. that he was prepared to consider accepting an additional 500 refugee doctors from the Continent. He has a real appreciation of the material and moral value of traditional British welcome to refugees, and he desires, as any decent man must, to relieve the human and cultural tragedy of the persecution of the Jews in Vienna. He may also have been considering the point of view of the British public which could only benefit by the services of Viennese doctors, who are probably the best trained and most skilful in Europe. In contrast, we have the attitude of the union of "medical practitioners"—a doctors' Trade Union with its knife in the B.M.A., capable, judging from its shabby Manifesto, of only the narrowest view of the economic advantage of its members. It is the business of the Trade Union to look after the economic interests of doctors, and I am not complaining of that, but the narrow-mindedness and selfishness of this Manifesto coming from a professional body was really shocking. It ignored the moral and human issues implied, and made no effort to appeal to any motives except jealousy and greed. No such criticism can be made of the B.M.A. itself, and there is clearly a limit to the number of doctors whom it would be wise to admit. Medical practitioners would, I suppose, become roaring anti-Semites if Britain accepted all the brilliant doctors who have attracted to Vienna patients from all parts of the world, and there is, of course, a serious economic problem involved. It is eminently a question for compromise and for skilful handling, and it is true that more than two hundred German doctors have already been registered in England. But I believe that a great many more than fifty additional Austrian doctors—the figure now accepted by the B.M.A.—can be safely admitted, if they are willing to go to places where doctors are particularly needed, even if necessary taking positions less good than those to which their qualifications entitle them. I believe that fifty is an unnecessarily and even disgracefully low figure, and that British medicine would benefit by a more generous attitude.

* * *

I see from the *Times* report that the Japanese say that there are at present 800 Japanese in Nanking, the presence of all of whom has been "considered necessary for military purposes," and many of them have suffered "misfortunes" at the hands of "lawless Chinese." The best comment on this statement is a book by Mr. H. J. Timperley, who was in China for the *Manchester Guardian* at the time when Nanking was captured by the Japanese. *What War Means: Japanese Terror in China* (Gollancz, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a studiously restrained collection of statements by independent eye-witnesses of the loot, rape and murder indulged in by Japanese soldiers on their entry into Nanking. One needs a strong stomach to read it, but it is an indispensable document for people who want to understand the situation in the Far East. Some of the witnesses are American residents, doctors and others, who had organised what they hoped to make a "safety zone" for refugees near Nanking. A passage that I found particularly moving contained the comments of a foreign resident who watched 1,300 men being taken out in cold blood to be machine-gunned and knew that among them were lads whom he had persuaded to give up their arms on the grounds that the Japanese were sure to spare unarmed men. The book is very fully documented

and I know nothing comparable in loot and terror since the Thirty Years War in Germany. How far the Japanese authorities really wished to stop the unbridled lust and cruelty of their troops it is difficult to say; eye-witnesses state over and over again that the authorities on the spot were as powerless as they were polite. In any case, for the greatest atrocity of all—the war itself—the Japanese Government is responsible; but one cannot altogether forget the share of those European statesmen who could have prevented the rape of China in 1931. The League was still a reality.

* * *

Why don't more people do it? he asked. Really I could not tell him. What puzzled me was my own blindness. I have walked past that dull corner of a slummy street every day for the last four years and not looked over those area palings before. And yet there it was, a hundred yards from my own front door—a hanging garden, like Babylon, he explained: 130 flower pots hanging from wires with fuchsias in full bloom and nasturtiums and phlox and lavender and creeping jenny and mint (to eat with peas) and thyme in a thick cluster and a fine blue larkspur, not looking as if it at all minded being below floor level, and lobelias and geraniums and a host of other flowers fresh and flourishing. "We get quite a lot of sun on this corner," he said, "and I water them every night. It takes three or four hours. I work in the City—it's a mistake to think that everyone who works in the City is well-to-do. You see, it is no good pouring water on to the top of the pots because it drains through much too fast, so I have to take every pot down and stand it for ten minutes in that old bath-tub there. Keeping the soil nourished is a bit of a problem, but I manage it with some manure from the road and a bit of lime, and last year I had the good idea of giving them a dose of sprats, cut up fine. That larkspur must have had a special sprat to itself, I think." And then to my surprise he began to curse the "Reds" because they threatened property and frightened business away from the City. I told him that I too believed in property, especially in the right to enjoy the flowers you grew yourself and that my trouble was that in the present order so few of us had gardens to enjoy. Soon he was talking the most preposterous stuff about current politics, and I could not bear it and steered him back again to gardens. That's the dodge to make life bearable. Get people to talk about their own subject. With farmers discuss pigs, with business men stick to business (if you don't play golf), with teachers talk about children, with stockbrokers about scandal, with politicians about their colleagues, and with gardeners—oh, most particularly with gardeners!—keep the conversation to insect pests, the mysterious properties of the soil and the folly of people who do not grow flowers.

* * *

It must be admitted that the Fascist Powers do their best to maintain our sense of humour. Here is Signor Gayda declaring that "neither the Italian war in Abyssinia, nor Japan's war in China, nor the union of Austria with Germany was aggressive." Then there is the German press turned full blast against first one country and then another, and now accusing the Czechs of "mobilising." Next week, I suppose, Czechoslovakia will invade Germany. Herr Funk, German Minister of Economics, complains that there is never

> a day without hate, never a day without lies, and wherever the lies and hate arose they were directed against National-Socialist Germany, which lived in peace and order and worked to secure the existence of the German nation and create a specially fortunate future for it. It seemed almost as if truth had become superfluous in the world, and that reason had gone to the devil.

With the last remark we shall all agree, but Hitler in *Mein Kampf* tells us that men can only be ruled by lies, and the bigger ones the better, and Nazi philosophy is avowedly based on a repudiation of reason. The worst of it is that Germany can go on threatening us all week after week and undermining the process of reason here and everywhere. That is our real danger—to lose the battle by losing our own sanity.

CRITIC

THE LEGALITY OF ABORTION

THE self-sought prosecution of Mr. Aleck Bourne has at any rate drawn the attention of millions of newspaper readers to the subject and the problems of abortion. How much has the case done to bring the law into harmony with present-day notions and present-day ideals? Immediately, little; potentially, very much. How much, depends mainly on the zeal and common sense of those of us—doctors and laymen alike—who are in touch with contemporary human realities, and are desirous of promoting human health and happiness.

The verdict and the judicial pronouncement of last Tuesday have, in immediate fact, done little more than give formal legality to practices that for very many years have been informally treated as legitimate by the Home Office and Scotland Yard authorities. Anyway, they have applied Nelson's blind eye to the telescope. It is practically certain that, had not Mr. Bourne, from obviously public-spirited motives, challenged the Home Office, the authorities would have been only too glad to take no action in this case.

Therapeutic abortion is continually being performed quite openly at nearly every large hospital in this country. Numerous cases which I have sent to hospital for that purpose have received efficient and humane surgical treatment, and no criminal prosecutions have followed. In December of last year, the Coroner for the London Northern District said that he could "count on one case of criminal abortion every six weeks, and that there were two married women to every single woman." He added that, in his opinion, "no one who performed therapeutic abortion carefully—that is after consultation with a colleague and for sufficient cause—had ever been in serious trouble." He said that, in this belief, he had the support of the Director of Public Prosecutions. Clearly, the law badly needed clarification. Strictly hygienic reasons have, for very many years, been tacitly considered adequate as justification for the performance of abortion.

The written British law as to abortion is embodied in Sections 58 and 59 of the "Offences Against the Person Act" of 1861. The relevant section is this:

> Every woman being with child, who, with intent to procure her own Miscarriage, shall unlawfully administer to herself any Poison or other noxious thing, or shall unlawfully use any Instrument or other means whatsoever with the like intent, and whosoever, with the intent to procure the miscarriage of any woman, whether she be or be not with child, shall unlawfully administer to her or cause to be taken by her any Poison or other noxious thing, or shall unlawfully use any Instrument or other means whatsoever with the like intent, shall be guilty of Felony, and being convicted thereof, shall be liable, at the discretion of the Court, to be kept in Penal Servitude for life, or for any term not less than three years—or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years, with or without Hard Labour, and with or without Solitary Confinement.

In 1929 was passed "An Act to Amend the Law with regard to the Destruction of Children at or before Birth." Under this Act, it was laid down that "No person shall be found guilty . . . unless it is proved that the act which caused the death of the child was not done in good faith for the purpose only of preserving the life of the mother. Evidence that a woman has at any material time been pregnant for a period of twenty-eight weeks or more shall be *prima facie* proof that she was at that time pregnant of a child capable of being born alive." Clearly this left unsettled the problem of the legality of abortion performed in order to preserve the life or health of the mother during the early months of pregnancy, or to preserve the *health* of the mother during the late months of pregnancy.

In 1927, in the course of a discussion at a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society, Mr. Justice Salter said: "It is at least arguable that the legislature, in forbidding the unlawful use of instruments or drugs, implied that there was such a thing as lawful use." In an authoritative work, *Russell on Crime*, we read: "The word 'unlawfully' excludes from the section acts done in the course of proper treatment in the interest of the life or health of the mother." In the early part of last year it was stated in a leading article in *The British Medical*

Journal that "it is doubtful whether the authorities ever consider a prosecution which would rest on the legal interpretation of the word 'unlawful' in the statute." The *B.M.J.* goes on to say that the illegality of the operation is never in issue: "A medical man need have no fear of being convicted or even accused on a legal technicality if he terminates a pregnancy with the honest intention of averting damage to health and life."

The next few lines were written by me a short time ago—before the Bourne trial at the Old Bailey:

"At present, the written law seems to make all deliberate abortion a thing of offence, whilst legal custom regards the safeguarding of the life or health of the mother as an adequate excuse. It would be well if this were regularised. Also, nearly everyone would agree that the preservation of the mental health of the mother should be taken as affording a sufficient reason; that a pregnancy consequent on rape should legally be terminable during the first three months of pregnancy; and that, in any case, a pregnancy, in itself illegal because initiated under the age of consent, should with the acquiesence of the girl and of her parents, be terminable within the law."

The jury's verdict and Mr. Justice Macnaghten's interpretation of the law have presumably regularised the practice of deliberate abortion, carried out by competent surgeons, in order to safeguard the life, or health, physical or mental (and the last word is of real importance) of the expectant mother. If this defence is not successfully pleaded, abortion still remains a criminal offence. That the pregnancy is consequent, even in a child of fourteen, on rape or incest, has not been established as an adequate legal plea; still less has support been added to the contention that feminine reluctance to bear a child constitutes a solid legal defence of the deliberate termination of pregnancy.

Here I would like to quote an important passage from Mr. Justice Macnaghten's summing up:

> There are people who, from what are said to be religious reasons, object to the operation being performed at all in any circumstances. That is not the law, either. On the contrary, if the life of the woman can be saved by an operation being performed, and a doctor did not perform it because of his religious views, he would be in great peril of being brought before this court on a charge of manslaughter for negligence. He would have no better defence than a person who, for some religious reason, refused to call in a doctor to save the life of his child. He is also answerable to the criminal law.

In my personal experience, I have found that, apart from medical reasons, abortion is commonly sought through dread of economic consequences, or of social ostracism, or because of the interference with social pleasures that pregnancy involves. I regard those actuated by the last-named motive as so far outside the stream of desirable social tradition that they can claim small right to have the laws of their country modified for their convenience. For the others, a change in our political and economic practice, and a change in public opinion as to sex relations, sex love, and motherhood, would provide a far better and far more wholesome remedy than foeticide can offer. If there is anything sacred about motherhood, that sacredness does not peculiarly attach to married women—that is to "respectable women"; it applies to all women, however respectable or however unfortunate. I agree with Miss Stella Browne when she describes the Utopia of her dream as one in which "children will be welcomed, and treated as achievements, not flung into life with fear and anger as disastrous accidents."

I do not think that the conventional view, sentimental and insincere as it all too commonly is, that there is a sanctity about motherhood, is one that we can wisely or safely brush aside as a piece of Victorian silliness. So long as motherhood can bring with it social disgrace or serious economic hardship, abortion will naturally continue, and, in my view, it is wrong and idle to condemn it or to penalise it. Nor, so long as social ostracism is meted out to motherhood resulting from extra-marital love unions, would even the legalisation of abortion put an end to the illicit abortions conducted under hole-and-corner conditions.

I have, in these columns, previously discussed the physiological, sociological, and ethical aspects of abortion, and I hesitate to repeat my arguments. I think it undesirable that abortion should be looked upon as a routine and casual act, like shaking off the ash from a cigarette. I would be sorry if it generally were, as in certain circles it already is, looked upon as a normal way of avoiding the fruitive consequence of sex relations psychologically related to our highest aesthetic and spiritual life.

Plato, in the *Republic*, suggested that those who have passed the age limits prescribed for procreative purposes, 55 for men and 40 for women, might indulge in promiscuous intercourse; but only on condition that they should "prevent any embryo which might come into being from seeing the light." And Aristotle wrote in his *Politics*: "When couples have children in excess and there is an aversion to exposure of offspring, let abortion be procured before life and sense have begun." Developments of contraceptive technique offer twentieth-century men and women preferable alternatives.

I think that it would be lamentable to spread a notion that abortion, however carefully induced, is a harmless procedure. It is not. At the best, it is the lesser of two evils. Moreover, I would have the performance of abortion remain a criminal offence unless performed in a hospital or other approved institution by a registered medical man after consultation with a recognised obstetric or gynaecological specialist. Finally, let those of us who are impressed by the unnecessary tragedies associated with those pregnancies which society to-day penalises, spend our propagandist energy and enthusiasm in bringing social opinion into line with the spiritual and human ideals which most of us so half-heartedly profess, rather than in trying to alter public opinion in a retrogressive direction. And, perhaps most important of all, let motherhood be formally recognised as a social service, and be endowed accordingly.

HARRY ROBERTS

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mrs. J. Marshall.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The charge against Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow was withdrawn at Bow Street to-day. . . . When the doors were opened a solitary policeman just inside was almost overwhelmed by a rush of women, who pushed and jostled one another in their efforts to get past him. About a dozen succeeded in passing him before he could shout for assistance.—*Evening Standard.*

Aliens in Great Britain who blaspheme . . . will, under a new Bill . . . be liable to imprisonment and deportation. This will strengthen the hands of the British authorities, who sometimes have difficulty in finding sufficient reason for expelling known undesirables. Soho and the East End are hotbeds of alien riff-raff who revel in blasphemy. This eloquence, however, will be disastrous in the near future.—*Sunday Express.*

Two large nude male figures, erected near the centre of Birmingham as part of the centenary celebrations, have led to considerable controversy in the city.

One statue, which represents a young workman in an heroic attitude on a fountain base, is overlooked by blocks of offices employing many young women. The other, of similar design, is in a business centre.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The town council, despite stern opposition from the churches, decided to open the municipal tennis courts on Sunday afternoons. "This is a further example of the moral deterioration of Weymouth society," said another indignant alderman.

Bishop Jocelyne led a deputation of clergy into the Council Chamber to tell the Corporation that Sunday tennis was a sin.—*Daily Mirror.*

Grand Tour of Spanish Battlefields—16 days, 20 gns. Weekly departures from London. . . .—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

The rector (the Rev. G. H. Richardson) said: "I am not a spoil-sport, but I was in America for years, and even in Chicago there were no scenes like some of these village orgies."—*Daily Express.*

Married man, financially desperate, will sacrifice sight one eye. Invites offers for healthy cornea. . . .—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph.*

. . . and if I would find a lesson by the wayside, it is provided by the May flowers, which grace the pathway with splendour not unlike the beauty of Croydon's fashion jewellery.—Advt. in *East Anglian Magazine.*

INDIGNANT

I ALWAYS feel a perhaps unreasonable indignation when I think of the present treatment of the herring. Here is a fish of rare beauty and usefulness that is commonly despised even in comparison with cod. The devotees of the herring are a race apart, like the devotees of the onion. It offended the taste of the rich by being too cheap: it offended the taste of many of the poor as a symbol of poverty. It is true that the herring is not a perfect fish. Nature does not often go in for perfection. She gave the herring too many bones and put too many of them in the wrong places. There is no other fish—not even the curled and insipid whiting—in eating which you so often find yourselves trying not to swallow bones. To the lazy and impatient this is exasperating: to the timid it is terrifying. I myself as a child often sat at table white with terror as I imagined myself choked to death by a bone of the herring I was eating. My nurse, I think, helped to intensify this phobia, for at the first sign of a choke she would rise hurriedly and fetch oatcake and butter and, giving it to me with a trembling hand, would tell me to eat it and that it would prevent the bone from sticking in the throat. My liking for oatcake is probably due to an unconscious feeling of gratitude for its having saved my life on more occasions than I can remember.

As I grew older, I began to believe less and less in the deadly perilousness of the herring-bone. I could discover no evidence that anyone in the north of Ireland had ever been killed by a herring-bone. I ceased to feel that I was risking my life every time herrings appeared on the table. The bones were reduced from a danger to a nuisance. They were, so to speak, like the thorns on the rose-bush; and I realised that it was as foolish to expect from Nature a boneless herring as a thornless rose. As time went on, my appetite for the herring grew; and, when I read somewhere that of all fish the herring is one of the most nutritious, my longing for health conspired with my palate to make grilled herrings one of my favourite dishes. Again and again I confess I have been disappointed; but that has always been the fault of the cook—never, I think, the fault of the fish.

Recently, if reports in the newspapers are true, someone has invented a machine for removing the bones of the herring before cooking; and, if the use of this becomes general, it should not be long before the chief problem of the Herring Industry Board is solved and herring-boats will no longer be lying idle in harbour, for England will be eating herrings to a man, woman and child. The bone trouble having been removed, who could resist those insinuating flavours, tempered with mustard sauce? The herring will rise from its despised humility like Cinderella and be royally transformed in the public esteem.

I do not think, however, that all the blame for the present depreciation of the herring should be put on the eating public. I fancy that those who control the industry are partly responsible for the failure of the herring to become the most popular fish in the country. The kipper used to be a welcome dish on the breakfast-table: to-day it is no longer so to me, and this, I feel moderately sure, is due to the fact that kippers, like sausages, are not so good as they used to be. There are still excellent kippers to be had; but, when I have eaten an ordinary 1938 kipper, I often feel as though I were a Red Indian who had swallowed a dram of fire-water. I know nothing of the preparation of dried fish for the market, but I have heard it said that the methods have changed—that fish are no longer cured with the old patience, but that chemicals are used to turn out kippers and bloaters and Finnan haddocks at express speed. If these stories are true—and they are very persistent—this is surely a matter which should be given serious attention, not only by the Minister for Agriculture and Fisheries, but by the Minister for Health. It seems absurd that, in these days of control-this and control-that, nothing can be done to stop the deterioration of some of the finest foods that have ever graced a breakfast-table. I have the greatest respect for the science of chemistry, but I cannot think its intrusions into the sphere either of food or of war have all been entirely happy. It has certainly destroyed my affection for the kipper and the haddock.

Hence, I think, if the Herring Industry Board, which has just issued a dismal annual report, wishes to restore the prosperity of the herring-fleets, it will have to begin by ordering a return to the methods of the more-or-less pre-scientific age of Queen Victoria. I can foresee, if it does so, queues outside the fish-shops as long as the queues outside Lord's on the morning of a Test Match. Yarmouth and St. Ives will hum with industry, and their harbours will scintillate under the fall of fish-scales as under a shower of snow. There are few more beautiful sights than the return of a fishing-fleet in the morning overloaded with a great catch and hundreds of thousands of fish shining as they pour in streams out of the nets. This sight can be revived and multiplied, not by repeating mechanically the slogan, "Eat more herrings," but by making herrings more eatable.

It is rather a melancholy fate for persons of an older generation like myself that we should be forced to play the part of grousers and grumblers by the deterioration we see, not everywhere, but in a good many things about us. With all the discoveries and inventions of men of genius at our disposal, we should be making rapid progress along the road to perfection; but, instead of this, many things, such as these kippers and haddocks, have actually got worse. I met an elderly man the other day who, after thinking hard for five minutes, could not name a single thing that had become better than it was when he was a boy. Bananas—and, indeed, all imported fruits—he maintained, are now plucked too early and have lost the delicious flavours that fifty years ago made the mouth water at the prospect of eating them. Beef? Bullocks, according to him, are killed so young nowadays that a steak has ceased to be invigorating in the old fashion. "What a world to have lived into!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Even musk has lost its scent." It may be retorted by optimists that the elderly always talked liked this, and this is perfectly true. But it is possible that in some generations at least the elderly have been right. After all, it is not only the modern kipper we complain of. We are equally pessimistic about modern forms of government. The totalitarian State seems to us as much a come-down as the chemically treated haddock. There are many innovations which we should ardently welcome, but religious and political persecution is an innovation which somehow fails to stir us to any enthusiasm.

The truth is both the pessimist and the optimist are usually justified—or justified up to a point. I am myself a chameleon, changing from optimism to pessimism and back again in favouring circumstances. I could name a hundred—well, at least, a score of, or, perhaps, a dozen—things that have conspicuously improved since I was a boy, from the general standard of living to the average quality of whisky sold in public-houses. But it still seems to me that the modern world has been too patient, and even submissive, in its attitude to the wrong sort of innovations. Take this advertising by means of streamers flown from aeroplanes, for example—a nuisance which has all but led Mr. A. P. Herbert to become a modern Parnell and propose a boycott of offenders. Why in a too noisy world should rich firms be

permitted to add to the noise by sending low-flying aeroplanes over our heads to bully us into buying goods that they can tell us all about in the quiet columns of the newspapers? If this is permitted, there is no reason why a thousand aeroplanes should not fly over London all day long, calling on us to buy this man's soap and that man's pills and the other man's cure for bad legs. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," is a good motto, but not if the new is a nuisance. There should be a special Watch Committee in Parliament, it seems to me, that would make it its business to see that the latest nuisances are nipped in the bud. No nuisance should be allowed to establish itself: it then becomes a vested interest. I hope it is not yet too late to put a stop to what seems to me a nuisance —the attachment of wireless sets to motor cars. Is there any reason in the world why wireless fanatics should be allowed to destroy the peace of the countryside with instruments that blare out "The Lambeth Walk" in green lanes and litter the hills and valleys of England with noise? This is a matter on which I feel as strongly as I feel on the subject of herring. Here, too, is a worthy theme for the indignation of those old enough to remember a better world—or, at least, a world in which there were better kippers, better road manners, and one or two other things.

Y. Y.

OBSTACLES TO EXODUS

"The perpetual scapegoat, trussed up once and for all in the Nuremberg Laws . . . is . . . dragged out and punished over and over again."—*New York Times*, June 22nd.

CAESARS in Rome's Imperial seat
Fed lions Early Christian meat,
But folk of the New Testament
Rome counted less than one per cent.
And thus, despite official care
Not every lion got his share.

So now the nobler Nazi lion
Who mauls the naked flesh of Zion,
And for his German birthright claims
State quarry for the Streicher Games,
Though roaring for the tribal sport
Like Caesar's King of Beasts goes short.

The Reich preserves her Jews to kick
All round the body politic,
But folk of the Old Testament
Are counted less than one per cent,
So after each prescribed abuse
They are thrashed home for future use.

The Reich can therefore not discuss
Facilities for Exodus,
For if no Jew were left behind,
But just the Nazi and his kind,
What pastime could he practise then
To show himself the King of Men?

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE KING AND QUEEN IN PARIS

SIR,—I live in a street mostly inhabited by French workpeople and *petits bourgeois*, who, while they have the social graces of politeness and friendliness, are the most hard-headed, cynical and self-sufficient people I have ever met. Of course there has been a lot of propaganda in the press about the visit of the King and Queen, but I should not have expected it to have any effect on my immediate neighbours.

This morning, however, I was in the little stationer's shop over the way and a customer was asking for the special *Paris-Soir* supplement about the visit. The woman who owns the shop seemed overcome with amusement. She was explaining that they had only given her ten copies and she could have sold a hundred. I asked her whether there was real enthusiasm about the visit, and she said: "C'est fou! I never saw such enthusiasm!" Then she was suddenly serious. "But, you know, I think what people are really acclaiming is the idea of peace."

This most unimpressionable stratum of French society is really frightened that their quiet simple living may be taken away from them, and they still look to England for help. If we were even now to make a stand against the Fascist war-mongers we would have all the sanity left in Europe with us heart and soul.

11 rue Daguerre, Paris XIV^e^. JOYCE REEVES

LIBEL

SIR,—In your issue of July 16th, Mr. Oswald S. Hickson discusses Hulton *v.* Jones and the recent case of Canning *v.* Collins Ltd., and concludes that in cases of defamation there is a distinction between what he calls "pure fiction" and "statements of fact." His conclusion appears to be that in Hulton *v.* Jones the unfortunate proprietors of the *Sunday Chronicle* were liable because "the matter complained of was not published as fiction, but, being fiction, appeared as a statement of fact," whereas if it had appeared as "pure fiction" they would not have been liable.

It would be interesting to know on what authority Mr. Hickson bases this distinction. The question whether the defamatory statement appeared as fact or as fiction was not discussed in Hulton *v.* Jones either in the Court of Appeal or in the House of Lords. The head-note to the report of the case in the House of Lords accurately expresses the scope of the decision: "In an action for libel it is no defence to show that the defendant did not intend to defame the plaintiff, if reasonable people would think the language to be defamatory of the plaintiff"—and Mr. Hickson does not need to be reminded that a case is authority only for what it decides. Yet he writes: "The Artemus Jones case decided that if a name is used in a statement or story *which is not published as fiction*, and is read by friends of someone bearing that name as a true story, and if the story is defamatory of the named person, he can recover."

In any case surely it is clear, on reading the passage in the *Sunday Chronicle* of which complaint was made, that this was "published as fiction." It was an airy flight of fancy on the part of a journalist, certainly not intended to be read as a statement of fact. The writers of text-books on the subject have all clearly assumed the applicability of the decision in Hulton *v.* Jones to matter published as fiction. Salmond writes: "Such a state of the law imposes serious responsibilities upon writers of fiction"—and Winfield "The decision may appear to be a hard one for writers of fiction."

The real puzzle about Canning *v.* Collins Ltd. is to know how the Court managed to avoid Hulton *v.* Jones (from the report in the *Times* it does not appear that Hulton *v.* Jones was even cited). One can only assume that this is yet another case of the Lord Chief Justice (who, by the way, appeared *for* the plaintiff Artemus Jones in the earlier case) administering the law "ex aequo et bono" without regard to precedent—and without regard to the uncertainty which is the consequence of his decision. In view of this uncertainty, I doubt if either Canning *v.* Collins Ltd., or Mr. Hickson's interpretation of it, really justifies author and publisher sleeping more comfortably in their beds.

12 Somerset Terrace, Dukes Road, W.C.1. DAVID PEIRSON

[Mr. Hickson replies: "I am of course ready to admit that a case is authority for what it decides provided the facts of the case that lead to the decision are considered. Lord Alverstone, in opening his judgment in the Court of Appeal, said that the libel appeared in an "*article* purporting to describe *what the Paris correspondent of the paper had witnessed at Dieppe*." The defence was that this was fiction; it was not represented as such. The decision in Jones *v.* Hulton is clearly distinguishable from the Canning case on Lord Alverstone's judgment alone."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"BACK TO THE LAND"

SIR,—In his important and significant first article Mr. Easterbrook says:

(*a*) "The consensus of opinion is that perhaps 30 per cent. of our best land is now being well farmed and the remainder is falling more and more into neglect."

(*b*) "Our acreage of barley, oats, beans, peas and all roots has shown considerable declines in every case in the past six years."

(*c*) "Sixty years ago our wheat acreage was 3¼ million, compared with just over 1¾ million last year."

(*d*) "It was never so easy to reclaim the uncultivated areas but never greater reluctance to do so."

(*e*) "If farming is to flourish again we must have a rural civilisation in terms of modern life . . . . It will involve an agricultural revolution and a great deal of money."

An estimate of experts is that it would need the work of 100,000 men for a year to repair fences, lay on water to the fields, and to *start* the eradication of bracken and docks.

"It is as well," says Mr. Easterbrook, "that the magnitude of the task should be realised before considering in greater detail what might be done." (Part of a pretty vivid and sorry picture, you will agree!)

We shall be looking for the greater detail with great interest. Detail already given includes:

(1) "*Every* farmer must learn to *understand* his farm if he is to get the best results from it. The *best* farmers have acquired this knowledge that scientists cannot give them."

(2) "Almost certainly we should have to devise short and long term credit policies to finance some of them."

(3) "It will mean re-equipping the farms with machinery and buildings, and *offering* them sufficient *security* of markets to *encourage* them to do so."

(4) "Farmers will have to be *asked to revolutionise their farming methods* in certain districts."

The italics are all mine; used to indicate important points which one hopes Mr. Easterbrook will include in his "greater detail" before his series is completed.

Is it important—even imperative—to get the whole of our agricultural land expertly and efficiently turned to account? If the answer is "Yes," how many decades (in the presence of experience) will it take tentative and conditional planning to "get there"? Is it not important—even imperative—to see that the knowledge of the best farmers is utilised for the definite objective, "Every farm at the level of its best native fertility level"? That would spell a great deal of revolution in method, but can that be without revolution in organisation? And what of the special risks attending agriculture? If still accepted by the individual proprietary farmer they must continue to be paid for—and heavily so—by the consumer.

And what of the labourer, his support, and his long overdue new status in place of helpless servility? In this region (so near to civilisation's pivot) few such dare to profess economic and political beliefs that cut athwart those of "Master"! If as an organised service under the guidance of the most wide awake farmers it could become a village-inspiring success, would it cost more in cash and courage than the nation can afford to convert the old baffling and persistent failure?

And may we have Mr. Easterbrook's opinion of Chairman George Dallas's view (shouted last Saturday) that "the farmer detests subsidies"? Lots of taxpayers are only too sorry that his detestation didn't take shape a dozen years ago.

25 Fishery Road, JESSE HAWKES
Hemel Hempstead.

NEW HOMES FOR JEWS

SIR,—It is a pity that "German Jew" did not read my article more carefully, for, although the greater part of his letter has nothing whatsoever to do with its subject matter, he would probably not have written it at all if he had rightly understood what I believe I clearly expressed. Out of an article of nearly three columns he has selected just half a sentence, which he has grossly misinterpreted, and then, in addition to accusing me of a view which I did not express, he indulges in a tissue of wild and baseless charges against Zionism in general for which he does not attempt to offer even the flimsiest justification.

Your correspondent accuses me of refusing "any offer of a settlement additional to that of Palestine, whether 'national' or otherwise." I did nothing of the kind. What I wrote was:

> A more hospitable attitude on the part of the States in both North and South America would undoubtedly help to ameliorate the appalling situation of the Jews on the Continent, and such an improvement may perhaps be the outcome of the Evian Conference.

And a second relevant passage was:

> It is therefore to be hoped that the Governments taking part in the Conference will, in addition to displaying an adequate measure of generosity in the admittance of refugees to their respective territories, etc.

Anybody who, in the face of these two statements, maintains that I refused "any offer of a settlement additional to that of Palestine, whether 'national' *or otherwise*," is obviously endowed with more imagination than reason.

It is true that I wrote that "the Jews will naturally want to see the promise of Palestine realised before being willing to consider an additional national settlement elsewhere." It is clear from the context that by "national settlement" I meant one in which the Jews would be established on a national basis—that is, where they would be able to maintain their national language and develop their national life. It was an allusion to the so-called "Territorialists," who want a Jewish National Home, either instead of or in addition to Palestine; but the Zionist view is that Palestine has such enormous potentialities and demands such great efforts from the Jewish people that any diversion of energies to another country would prove harmful to the National Home in Palestine without any hope of success elsewhere. In any case, my comment was aimed not against any actual proposal, since none exists, but against an abstract theory fostered by a small number of people, to whom your correspondent, as a self-confessed anti-nationalist, clearly does not belong. But why he, as an anti-nationalist, should be angry about what I wrote, or should be at all interested in a Jewish National Home, is an instance of inconsistency wrapped in obscurity.

But worse still is the flagrant injustice of his attack upon the Zionist movement. His assertion that Zionists claim to speak in the name of "the Jews" is simply not true. They speak for all Jews who wish to have a National Home for their people, but not in the name of such Jews as your correspondent, who traduces them by comparing them to Nazis. Either "German Jew" has already forgotten what Nazism is, or else he has not yet learned what Zionism is. To compare a democratic movement which has given liberty and the possibility of a better life (as he must himself confess) to hundreds of thousands of people who had formerly suffered under political oppression with a totalitarian and tyrannical movement, which shows contempt even for its own law-courts by sending acquitted people to concentration camps, is, to say the least, sheer perversity.

Only ignorance can explain "German Jew's" accusation that Zionism has a "contempt for the ideas and achievements of the French Revolution," and so forth. The fact is that Zionists, besides working for Palestine, have everywhere fought to secure for the Jews the rights proclaimed by the French Revolution. The French statesmen who on various occasions have expressed sympathy with Zionism presumably had and have a better understanding of the ideas of that Revolution than "German Jew"; and the Socialist leaders of different countries who have commended its work and aspirations, such as the late Arthur Henderson, M. Blum, M. Vandervelde, and Dr. Eduard Bernstein, doubtless convinced themselves that such charges as your correspondent's would be a calumny.

Although he left Germany without waiting for the Social Revolution, "German Jew" expects that the Zionists there should work for it. On the other hand, he urges the necessity of a Jewish mass emigration, which involves him in a self-contradiction. But if he approves emigration to other lands, he cannot complain of those directing the exodus to Palestine. The Zionists have a sufficiently hard task to perform. The least that "German Jew" can do is not to borrow a weapon from the Nazi armoury and deliver them a *Dolchstoss* in the back.

ISRAEL COHEN

THE KIROO CASE

SIR,—Six months ago the Chief Justice of the High Court of the Punjab acquitted an appellant who stood convicted of the murder of a Punjab police constable. The Chief Justice held that the appellant named Kiroo at the time of the murder, which was not seriously disputed, had been physically tortured by an Anglo-Indian police inspector and some Punjabi constables, including the constable who was killed. The Chief Justice held that in the circumstances Kiroo was justified even to kill in order to escape further torture. The judgment led to comment and correspondence in your columns.

It is not for me to deal with the generalisations that were made either on the general conduct of the police in India or on the reality and extent of Ministerial control under the present constitution. But I ask you to note in fairness the subsequent facts of the Kiroo torture case.

The suspected police officers were arrested and placed on

trial on a charge of using torture to extract a confession. The trying magistrate was a very senior British officer of the Indian Civil Service who had for some years been Legal Remembrancer to Government. The Government Advocate-General led the prosecution for the Crown, and if I may with propriety say so, he pressed the case energetically. The prosecution relied mainly on the evidence of the "tortured man," Kiroo himself, on a British Pipe Major of a Scottish regiment who had witnessed some of the alleged torture and who had stated that he had, in disgust, turned the police out of the regimental lines, and on a British Regimental Quarter-Master Sergeant of the same regiment who in some measure corroborated the Pipe Major. It is important to realise that the Chief Justice in appeal had not seen the witnesses.

The trial court now heard and saw these witnesses. It acquitted all the accused police officers and in an elaborate judgment it held that there had been no torture whatever, that the evidence of torture was fabricated or perjured from beginning to end, and that the witnesses to it were not witnesses of truth. Among other valuable remarks the trying magistrate made this: "Although my experience during 28 years' service in the Punjab has shown me that there are black sheep in the police force, and policemen on occasions do undoubtedly employ methods which are contrary to law, I have also learnt from my experience as Magistrate and Sessions Judge that criminals make most reckless allegations of torture when they have no other defence open to them."

Crowhill, Downe, Kent. E. B. LOVELUCK,
Honorary Secretary,
Indian Police Association,
Home Branch.

THE WAKAMBA

SIR,—I have no desire to enter into discussion of the many issues raised by Professor Macmillan, Dr. Norman Leys and Mr. Kenyatta. From my point of view they are irrelevant, just as I refuse to assess the blame, if any, that should attach to the Kenya Government, the British settlers, or the Wakamba themselves. The one fact that matters is that the Wakamba are in the process of, and have gone some considerable way towards, reducing to a desert their Reserve, substantially the whole land the tribe has ever occupied. Unless they can be persuaded to reduce the numbers of livestock they are attempting to carry the Reserve must become incapable of maintaining man or beast. Moreover, poverty is the greatest of all barriers to social development, and since the growing poverty of the Wakamba can only be remedied by a reduction of their livestock as a first step towards a better agriculture, all those who have the welfare of the tribe at heart should lend their support to this measure.

A. D. HALL

OFFICIAL SECRETS

SIR,—"Critic" appears to be impressed because Mr. Churchill is "so very well informed." If that information has been obtained through the agency of offences against the Official Secrets Acts there is no more reason for satisfaction than in the Sandys case, and no less reason for applying the Acts to both of them than in the case of the Stockport journalist. He may want to know why Mr. Hore-Belisha went to the Prime Minister instead of dealing with the matter himself, and why the Attorney-General was called in, but what one of the "men in suburban trains" would like to know is why the Attorney-General was called *off* in an apparently clear case of offence against the Official Secrets Acts (1920, para. 6, and possibly para. 7).

It is being forgotten or ignored that it is an offence not only to impart information wrongly, but to endeavour to obtain it, and to refuse to give the source of that information when it has been imparted or obtained. Mr. Sandys, I understand, refused this information to the Attorney-General, and therefore committed an offence which should have been punished. This is the point, and the only point, and it is misleading for "Critic" to talk about the importance of M.P.s being safe in exposing scandals and asking questions. The Official Secrets Acts exist to make it unsafe for M.P.s, army officers, journalists, or anybody else to connive at the divulging of information prejudicial to the safety or interests of the State, and I have yet to learn that a Committee of Privileges or any other body can make legal or inoffensive what Parliament has made illegal and offensive.

31 Woodside Park Road, N.12. ROBERT H. CORRICK

UNITARIANISM AND SOCIAL REFORM

SIR,—Professor Harold Laski in his review of the Rev. R. V. Holt's book argues that theological doctrines have little connection with social amelioration. He attempts to prove his case by individual instances such as those of Lord Shaftesbury, William Wilberforce and other reformers of orthodox belief. Does Mr. Laski imply that such doctrines as those of innate depravity, the absolute Deity of Jesus and his substitutionary atonement, the probationary view of this earthly life, have not tended, in the main, to make men and women indifferent to the claims of this earthly life and the call of social justice?

I have mixed with religious people for forty years and found most of them lukewarm on questions of war and peace, unemployment and housing. In the vast majority of instances the main cause was an individualist or other worldly view of salvation.

Of course you have Unitarians who are false to their own doctrines and Evangelicals whose practice is better than the Deity they worship. But speaking generally creeds of supernaturalism make the ordinary earthly life suffer.

And rational views of human life and happiness tend to the making of a better world. RICHARD LEE

3 South Avenue, Stoke Park,
Coventry.

"THE CRIME OF SPAIN"

SIR,—You say in your leader on Spain this week: "Hitler himself explained that he was mainly interested in obtaining iron ore in the Basque country." Hitler has certainly indulged his interest.

A Basque Government report on German Intervention in Euzkadi, quoting Franco's own newspaper, *Gaceta del Norte*, shows that Basque iron ore output rose from 50,000 tons in September, 1937, to 162,000 tons in April, 1938. This figure may have increased by now, for the production of 1938 was progressively high:

January	.. ..	145,000 tons
February	.. ..	147,000 „
March ..	.. ..	160,000 „
April ..	.. ..	162,000 „

The mines, according to the report, are being worked by prisoners of war under conditions amounting to slavery. And even starched Tories are now ready to admit that the Basque country is, in fact, dominated by Franco.

I understand that Great Britain is still receiving iron ore supplies from Bilbao, for which cash sterling is being paid; how much of this reaches Germany's pocket by indirect means is impossible to estimate, but it can be taken for granted that full payment is being exacted for those 'planes and arms which were used to batter the Basque country. M. DAY

84 Mount Pleasant Road,
Willesden, N.W.10.

Miscellany

LOVE

By MICHAEL ZOSKCHENKO

THE party finished very late. Vasia Garlikov, tired and perspiring, stood in front of Mashenka, saying in an imploring voice:

"Now, sweetheart, do wait a little. Wait until the first morning tram. Can't you sit down for a while, and wait for half-an-hour or so? Just until the first morning tram? Because both of us are very hot and streaming with sweat. And in this frosty weather it's easy to catch your death of cold."

"No," said Mashenka, putting on her goloshes. "And let me tell you, I don't think much of a man who can't see a lady home on a cold night."

"But I'm perspiring all over," repeated Vasia, with tears in his voice.

"Well, get your things on."

Vasia Garlikov meekly put on his heavy overcoat and followed Mashenka into the street, where he firmly took her arm.

It was cold. The moon was shining. The snow creaked under their feet.

"What a restless little lady you are," said Vasia, contemplating Mashenka's profile with admiration. "If it was someone else instead of you, I'd never have come. It's God's truth. I came only because I love you."

Mashenka giggled.

"Now you're laughing and showing your little teeth at me, but I really love and adore you, Maria Vasilevna. If you'd tell me f'r instance to lie down across the tramway and stay there until the first tram, I'd do it. God's truth!"

"Stop it," said Mashenka. "Better if you looked round at nature. How marvellous it is when the moon shines. How beautiful the town looks at night! What wonderful beauty!"

"Yes, a very remarkable beauty," agreed Vasia, staring with some astonishment at the peeling stucco of the houses. "You're right, it's wonderfully beautiful. Speaking of beauty, Maria Vasilevna, it acts upon a man especially strong when he feels a tender emotion . . . I know that many scientific persons, as well as Communist Party members, don't recognise the emotion of love, but I recognise it, Maria Vasilevna. I could feel tender emotion towards you until my very death, and to the point of sacrificing my life. It's God's truth. If you told me f'r instance to hit my head against that there wall, I'd do it. Just try."

"Go on!" said Mashenka with obvious delight.

"I'll do it if you tell me. Shall I?"

The couple emerged on to the bank of a canal.

"I shall," repeated Vasia. "If you tell me, I'll throw myself into the canal. Well, Maria Vasilevna? You don't believe me, but I'm going to prove . . ."

Vasia Garlikov put his hands on the railings and pretended to climb over.

"Ach!" shrieked Mashenka. "Vasia! What are you doing?"

Suddenly a sinister figure emerged from round a corner, and stood by a lamp post.

"What's all this bloody noise about?" the figure asked quietly, carefully examining the couple.

Mashenka let out a shriek of terror and pressed herself against the railings.

The man came nearer and took Vasia Garlikov by the sleeve.

"Come now, you dolt, off with your coat," he said in a hoarse voice. "And be quick about it, d'you hear? If you squeak, I'll give you one on the nut. That'll be the end of you. Understand? Off with it."

"Pa . . . pa . . . pa . . ." said Vasia. He wanted to say 'please.' "Please what does it mean?"

"Come on!"

The man tugged at the lapel of his coat. Vasia unbuttoned it with trembling hands, and took it off.

"Off with your boots," ordered the man. "I've use for the boots, too."

"Pa . . . pa . . . pa . . ." stuttered Vasia. "Please . . . t's freezing cold."

"Come, now!"

"And what about the lady?" said Vasia in an offended tone. "She's got a fur coat and goloshes on her, and you've not touched her. And I've got to take off my boots!"

The man looked calmly at Mashenka and said:

"If I undressed her, I'd have to carry her things in a bundle—sure way of getting caught. I know what I'm doing. Come on, you!"

Mashenka, horrified, rooted to the spot, was gazing at the man. Vasia Garlikov, crouching on the snow, began to unlace his boots.

"She's got a fur coat and goloshes," he repeated sulkily. "Why should I pay for both?"

The man inserted himself into Vasia's greatcoat, thrust the boots into his pockets, and said:

"You sit there, and don't you dare move or give as much as a squeak. If you do, it'll be the end of you. And stop chattering your teeth. Understand? As for you, pretty lady . . ."

He buttoned up his coat and disappeared without finishing his sentence.

Vasia sat on the snow like a bundle of old clothes, limp with fear. He was gazing incredulously at his feet in their white socks.

"That's what you've done to me," he said at last, giving Mashenka a glance full of hate. "All this because I had to see you home, and now I've got to pay for it with all my belongings. Well?"

When the gangster's footsteps died away in the distance, Vasia Garlikov began to fidget on the snow, then suddenly he screamed out: "Help, help! Hold the thief!"

He leapt up and started running in a terrified gallop, jerking up his feet as they came in contact with the snow.

Mashenka remained by the railings.

(Translated by ELISAVETA FEN)

COUNTRY NOTES

Plant-hunting

THERE are certain occupations which I enjoy enormously in theory, and do actually enjoy in practice provided I need pursue them only once or twice a year. One of these is plant-hunting. I am not, alas, referring to anything so adventurous as an expedition with yaks across Tibet, nor even to the more accessible delights of walking over Alpine meadows or Dolomitic screes where every yard is blown with the flowers that so signally refuse to flourish in one's own garden. I refer to the far milder and more modest ambition of discovering the rarer species of our native orchises for oneself in their own habitat.

The perseverance is great, and the reward may be small. One may have to creep, bent double, one's face lashed by brambles, one's hat torn from one's head, one's back breaking, through acres of hoary dogwood and Way-faring tree in search of the Military orchis which one never finds. Militarism being (one hopes), at the low ebb in this country, perhaps *Militaris* has gone into retreat. One knows it should be there; but either it has been picked by some marauder or eaten off by rabbits. So one has to content oneself with the ubiquitous tway-blade and its dingy green flower. *O. Militaris* has disappeared. One emerges at last from the dark inhospitable depths of the wood and finds oneself on the open down-land, where it is possible to breathe the air again and stretch the muscles. Here, surely, even at the cost of crawling over some hundreds of acres with eyes fixed to the ground, it might be possible to find a Green Man or even a Fly or a Spider? The discovery of a Lizard is of course beyond all reasonable dreams; but still, one never knows. One's luck might be in.

Orchidaceae

I went on such an expedition recently with two friends. We did not find much, it is true; or, rather, we found none of the real rarities. That, however, never matters, for the compensations are so rich: the small, lost Downland churches, miles from the villages they are supposed to serve; the wide windy skies, the grassy slopes, the deep valleys with farm-buildings exquisitely composed into the group of barns, house, and oasts with steep brown roofs. I heard someone say the other day that when he saw or read about such things, nothing else seemed to matter, neither European complications, nor wars, nor threats of wars—they were all forgotten. I felt the same myself, when eventually we found the Bee orchis growing beside a partridge's nest.

We had sought all day, and had found nothing, except

Orchis pyramidalis and the Fragrant orchis (*Gymnadenia Conopsea*) in such profusion as to become common and a bore. Just at the right moment we came upon the rarer Bee. With the perfect tact of the true artist, the Bee had placed herself beside this abandoned nest: the chicks had flown, the eggs were left, broken but tidily arranged within their scoop of grass, pale brown shells neatly opened to expose their pale blue lining, and above these the Bee orchis brooded in full flower like an insect preparing to descend on whatever honey she might find within the range of a few rich yards. Yet she never moved. She stood there, static, above the partridge's nest and the broken eggs on the open Down, her dark lip hanging sulkily. She was small, and rather difficult to find among the grasses; and so was the partridge's nest, so well concealed; but finding them both thus in juxtaposition seemed a small triumph on a plane of beauty one would not readily forget.

Owls

While on the same expedition we came across a young owl. It was sitting in the middle of the lane, and although the big, black, powerful car I was driving advanced towards it like Juggernaut it refused to move. Instead, it turned round to face the bonnet and to bridle in fury, too young to fly from danger, but not too young to be cross. It was very cross indeed, and was quite prepared to defy the death that so imminently threatened it. Sitting right back upon its haunches, it fluffed out its wings and spat defiance at us. Move it would not. It blocked the road. We had to stop the car; get out; and politely shoo the little indignant owl to a safer place.

I like owls. I admire their intransigent spirit. I have respected them deeply ever since I met a baby owl in a wood, when it fell over dead, apparently from sheer temper because I dared to approach it. It defied me first, and then died. I have never forgotten the horror and shame I experienced when that soft fluffy thing (towards which I had nothing but the most humanitarian motives) fell dead from rage at my feet.

I like owls, partly because they hoot, and partly because they are so beautiful when they fly by night. Two white barn-owls live and breed in a barn where I live. Year after year, they have duly reared their brood. Year after year, I have seen them sail out across the fields seeking for provender, and have seen them return, ghostly, with things in their claws that I would prefer not to investigate.

I dislike owls for reasons that I had better leave to another number of Country Notes. Beautiful and poetic as they certainly are, they have other aspects which the realist cannot ignore. I shall therefore revert on a future occasion to the more unpleasant habits of owls and to the contents of their stomachs.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

NEW BALLETS

THE art of ballet consists of three elements: music, choreography and decor—a word which is now anglicised without its accent, for we possess no other that is as convenient and as comprehensive. I set down these three elements not in any order of importance but with a curiosity as to which the average lover of ballet would, if asked, give the greatest importance. Personally I should demur if anyone were to maintain that ballet is primarily the art of dancing, although if any one element is to be given the priority it must go to the dancing. But mere dancing does not make ballet and a true ballet is conceivable in which there was only miming and strictly no dancing. Some of Diaghilev's later ballets came almost within that category, but in practice the line between dancing and miming would not be drawn absolutely. We may make a useful comparison in saying that the miming corresponds to recitative and the dancing to aria in opera. The modern tendency has been to draw the dividing line less and less distinctly so that we have in Wagner—post-Wagnerian opera generally—what is called melodic-recitative, a sort of continuous *melos*. In such a ballet as Nijinsky's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* the distinction between miming and dancing hardly exists any more, and we may call this an example in ballet of melodic-recitative. The *scène aux champs* of Massine's *Symphonie Fantastique* is another and excellent example of this. In both these ballets there is a large element of miming and this distinguishes them from such a ballet as *Choreatium* in which there is no miming or equivalent to musical recitative but continuous patterned dancing to a symphonic musical score in which the dramatic contrast between recitative and aria (as in opera) does not exist.

Now in proceeding thus far the reader will have come to realise how important the musical element is in ballet. I would go so far as to say that ballet is visual music and requires for its full enjoyment the development of a specifically visual sense, a sense very much advanced from the primitive visual sense that enjoys colour and line in dancing. This chiefly because of the demands made by the musical element which, if we like, we can generalise as rhythm—although in doing so we are in danger of making it too abstract.

When the ordinary ballet-goer is confronted with a new ballet such as M. Fokine's *Cendrillon* (Cinderella), first produced last Tuesday at Covent Garden, he is likely first of all to be taken with the story. "Ah!" you will say, "but here is a fourth element." Not at all, I reply, what you call the story or plot is not a necessary element in ballet any more than it is in music; that is why I call ballet a kind of visual music. Take *Choreartium*, for example. What is the plot, story or idea of that? I defy anybody to answer—any more than they can say what is the idea of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. But ideas or plots can be introduced into music, and that is the origin of dramatic music or opera, but I would maintain that just as an opera stands or falls by its music and not by its plot so in ballet this visual music is the essential thing, and it demands (as opera does) a successful fusion of its dramatic idea and the music. Do we get it in *Cendrillon* as we do, for example, in Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, *Les Présages?* We do not. Frederic d'Erlanger's music may be judged from two points of view. Firstly, as music it is very poor, consisting chiefly of nasty little tunes repeated *ad nauseam* and slimy chromaticism; secondly, it has no musical elucidation or interpretation of the idea of Cinderella as, for example, Stravinsky's music has of the puppet-play *Petrouchka*. I might add that he has given Fokine no music for dancing. This is not at all dancing music, so that on the lyrical as well as on the dramatic side *Cendrillon* fails, and the rich and gay decor of Gontcharova cannot save it.

Now let us consider the more ambitious effort of Massine in *The Seventh Symphony* at Drury Lane. Now Massine tells us that:

> The choreography of *The Seventh Symphony* has no actual plot but is based on a biblical theme: the creation of the world and humanity which, forgetting the words of God, is plunged in sin and consumed by fire.

This is quite a sufficient theme even for the grandeur of Beethoven's Symphony and one must say that Massine shows the respect of a true artist in his approach to Beethoven's music, as he had previously done in his treatment of Brahms, Tchaikovsky and Berlioz. Nevertheless, I think this is his greatest failure. I would not write too disparagingly of this ballet. It is, in my opinion, an ambitious and praiseworthy effort at something new and impressive; for M. Massine has set out here to eclipse all his previous efforts, and if he has failed—as I think on the whole he has—nevertheless this failure is worth dozens of the usual trifles in the art of ballet. First of all I think he made a vital mistake in his scenographer, that very gifted artist Christian Bérard, who was occasionally so successful in the *Symphonie Fantastique*. Here the element of decor or scenography has a chance to show its importance in the art of ballet. It was essential that the right key should be struck by the decor straightaway, and Mr. Bérard's talent is too chic and Parisian for this theme and also does not suit Mr. Massine's dramatic idea—not in so far as this is consonant

with the music. But Mr. Massine himself has failed to rise to the dignity and imaginative grandeur of his theme. His plastic conceptions are fertile and interesting—particularly in the second movement—but, on a first seeing, they are at times too trivial in detail and too confusedly complicated. There are good moments such as the sudden use of the lovely red in the costumes which accompany the devastation by fire at the end of the last movement, which though obvious is effective, but on the whole the ballet leaves a confused and unsatisfactory impression quite at odds with the magnificent, noble and yet simple grandeur of the music.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Group Theatre: "The Human Voice" and Marianne Oswald

On Sunday evening the Group Theatre presented at the Westminster the diseuse Marianne Oswald in two groups of songs, between which Beatrix Lehmann appeared in a new version by Carl Wildman of Jean Cocteau's *La Voix Humaine*. This half-hour monologue, consisting entirely of a protracted telephone call from an abandoned mistress to her lover, has already been seen in London. Watching it, you feel rather like a concealed spectator in the dentist's room: the drill is seldom silent, every shade of agony and pretended courage is displayed. From a theatrical point of view, it is simply a piece of emotional bravura, as unashamed in its attack as the old full-length death scenes in which Sarah Bernhardt and her audiences used to revel. Beatrix Lehmann used her square-jawed intensity and bitter, hollow voice to some purpose; she held the stage. That she failed to arouse deep emotion is not altogether her fault. The piece falls between two stools. It seems to demand the grand manner and the golden voice; but the full-blown *tragédienne* (if such an actress existed to-day) would probably throw the telephone into the wings and kick the whole naturalistic framework sky-high. On the other hand, if we are to consider it as a modern character study, it must be confessed that we do not learn nearly so much about the lady or her lover as we should from a similar sketch by Ruth Draper.

It was a mistake of Stephen Spender to introduce Mlle. Oswald as a towering genius; he aroused expectations which she could not fulfil. Her appearance is striking: flaming hair, broad features, grey monkish robe, half Loge, half Parsifal. In one of those fashionable hoarse baritones she croons songs about down-and-outs, stokers, hunted children, and women of the gutter, to words by Jean Cocteau and Jacques Prévert. She has a certain talent for mimicry and pathetic gesture, and a rather likeable determination to make the most of it. With *Le Chauffeur de Taxi* she scored an unexpected comic success; but her tragic sketches were too little differentiated to avoid monotony.

"Professor Beware," at the Plaza
"Frou-frou," lately at the Empire

People say that Harold Lloyd is not, like Chaplin or Groucho, a comic character, but simply a man to whom things happen—a long succession of funny things thought out by his army of gag-men. This view seems a little short of the truth. The be-spectacled, not bad-looking young man, always anxious to conciliate, nervous with bursts of heroics, modest, pleased to be liked, slightly pedantic, essentially good-natured—is he not an extravagant abstract of many thousands of young Americans? He is much nearer to life than the other great comics; for long stretches he almost might be a milk salesman or an Egyptologist. And then someone strains his generosity and benevolence too far, and the enchanting hurly-burly is on again. *Professor Beware* is quite a "good Harold" (as the children say), not one of the best. It contains a few superlatively comic scenes in the blissful old style which now seldom comes our way: his frenzied efforts, for instance, to cross the American continent in time to catch a boat to Egypt. On this ghastly journey he falls in with a Morten-Selten-ish old buffer (Raymond Walburn) and a tough egg played by Lionel Stander, who is easily my favourite Hollywood gangster. They hitch-hike on the roof of a long goods train, and an agonising sequence shows Harold, much encumbered with suitcase and pickaxe, leaping from truck to truck to escape a "no clearance" tunnel; there is even a moment when he has to run *back into* the tunnel to recover his dropped suitcase. The suspense is both appalling and side-splitting: such are the great moments of the comic screen. The rest of the film hardly maintains this standard, but it is good enough to satisfy the Lloyd-addict. *Frou-frou* is the story, adapted without acknowledgment from Meilhac and Halévy, of a frivolous New Orleans belle who wrecks her husband's home by her incompetence and runs away with Another: an action which leads inevitably to consumption and a twenty-minute death-bed scene. Luise Rainer frivols well, if a trifle too determinedly, and the scene in which she plays Bears with her infant son is charming. As for the end, it is ever so sad.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 22nd—
- Garden Party and Entertainment in aid of Spanish Relief, 16 Church Row, Hampstead. Drawing of raffle of original paintings by modern artists. 8.

SUNDAY, July 24th—
- John Langdon-Davies on "Mental Aspects of A.R.P.," Conway Hall, 11.
- Peace Pledge Union Demonstration, Hyde Park, 3 Speakers include George Lansbury, Canon Stuart Morris, Max Plowman.

MONDAY, July 25th—
- Fifth Conference of the Open Door International for the Economic Emancipation of the Woman Worker, Girton College, Cambridge. Till July 29th. Particulars from WHI 2421.
- "Festival Time," Embassy.
- "The Captain's Lamp," by Norman Collins, Richmond Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 26th—
- Rev. Louis Clinton Wright on "Anglo-American Understanding," Friends House, 1.20.

WEDNESDAY, July 27th—
- Public Meeting to consider law in regard to Abortion, St. Pancras Town Hall. 8.
- "Theatre Royal," Embassy.

THURSDAY, July 28th—
- Liberal Summer School, Randolph Hotel, Oxford. Till August 3rd. Particulars from 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1.

SATURDAY, July 30th—
- Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall, nr. Totnes, Devon. Till August 27th. Partics. from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

She used to be comfortably off . . .

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

No wonder, I thought, as I motored at Easter from Normandy to Languedoc, no wonder that the French are pacific and individualist, while the Germans are truculent and tribal. Fishing for trout in their lovely rivers, or for *écrevisses* in mountain streams, cultivating their vineyards, their asparagus trenches and their oyster-beds, hunting truffles with their trained pigs, and distilling their apples into genial Calvados, the French have a smiling, beautifully variegated and planturous country whose resources they cherish with all the pride and affection of ownership. I remembered travelling for long hours through the dark conifer-clad Prussian lands, and the monotonous wind-swept plains of southern Germany, with rare cities, which bear the names of battles. The French, I thought, can follow Voltaire's philosophy, and cultivate their gardens, because they have gardens worth cultivation, while the Germans gaze with comprehensible envy across the Rhine and over the Alps, and seek to forget their environment in a frenzied devotion to Blood and Iron. These reflections, of course, are not altogether true: parts of Germany are very pretty, and Lewis the Fourteenth and Napoleon were not content to cultivate their gardens. But neither of these horrible men (who both, I am glad to say, came to grief) was very French in either blood or character; and now that the French govern themselves and own, millions of them, their own land, they are profoundly pacific. Big proprietors and the urban proletariat may be susceptible to attacks of Jingoism, but no one can hate war more than the man that owns and works his own land.

* * *

I have had the good fortune to visit some twenty-five foreign countries; and this lovingly cultivated garden, France, is in my experience much the pleasantest to travel in. The architecture, it is true, is inferior to that of Italy, and I have not found its landscapes so poetically memorable as those of Ireland or Greece or Persia. But in France you find an extraordinary variety both of country and of building; you find excellent and refreshingly empty roads; you find the best food and the best beds in the world; and you find human beings delighted to talk to you, and as intelligent as they are amiable. I am amazed sometimes to hear people complain that the French are rude and grasping. I have very rarely been overcharged in France (except in the grotesque night-boxes of Montmartre), and I have found the people (apart from post-office and customs-house officials) almost without exception friendly. I suspect that the English who complain may have got into trouble because of a supercilious governing-class manner which is none the less offensive for being unconscious. While the French respect for education is far greater than ours, class differences are less pronounced. The unwary English visitor can be advised to address almost everyone with whom he comes into contact as *Monsieur* or *Madame*—because the absence of such small conventional politenesses is noticed. This widespread feeling for *Liberté* and *Egalité* may on occasion disconcert the English visitor, but it is another good reason, I think, for liking France so much.

* * *

The Riviera, the North Coast and the Loire with its vulgar *châteaux*, are the parts of France most popular with foreigners but not, I think, the most attractive. Grenoble, in Dauphiny, and the lakes of Savoy make a delightful journey, and I cannot too vehemently recommend the comparatively unfrequented country south of the Loire and east of Bordeaux. Start from La Rochelle, which is one of the pleasantest places in France, a great fishing-port with white eighteenth-century houses supported on arcades, and then make for Albi, with its superb fortified cathedral and episcopal palace: on the way you find yourself in the Dordogne country, which includes the Departments of the Lot and the Corrèze. The noble river runs through water-meadows and poplar-groves, between hills that are punctuated with medieval castles. The climate is one of the best in France, for this country is too far south to be very cold in winter, and also is free from the blazing heat and tempestuous winds of the Mediterranean side of the watershed. The inhabitants, perhaps for this reason, are particularly amiable, and the food is as good as any in the world. (The local speciality is the truffle, for stunted oaks are thick on the spare soil of the uplands, and the truffle is a deficiency-disease of the oak.) Souillac, where M. and Mme. Couderc keep one of the best inns in France, the Grand Hotel, makes a most convenient centre for exploring this country. There are a number of fine Romanesque churches, with magnificent sculpture, and villages like Domme, Carennac and, not far away, Brantôme, which are as pretty as any in France. Finally, this country is riddled with caves. The Gouffre de Padirac is fantastic: you descend some 400 feet into an abyss, and then float for a mile down a subterranean stream to an anter vast as a cathedral, a spectacle as fabulous as any romantic painter's illustrations to the *Inferno*. But it was the caves and rock-shelters of Palaeolithic Man that I found most exciting: regiments of flint instruments in the showcases of provincial museums have sometimes filled me with despair, but the actual caves make an irresistible appeal to the imagination.

* * *

Mr. Richard Hughes once expounded in these columns a theory about the Palaeolithic paintings. Hunting, he suggested, was a lust as powerful and as compulsive in the Stone Age as sex is in our modern societies; he compared the animal-drawings in the caves to the *graffiti* in public conveniences; and maintained that they were not magical in intention. I was much taken with this hypothesis until this spring, when I saw the paintings for myself; but now I suspect that Mr. Hughes has never been inside a painted cave. The paintings and rock-carvings are almost invariably in the depths of caves, whereas Palaeolithic Man lived only at the mouth of the cave or under the shelter of an overhanging rock. Even to-day, when they are mostly lit by electric light, some of them seemed to me rather alarming. The cave of Combarelles, for instance, is a passage some five feet high and four feet wide, that winds into the rock for about two hundred and fifty yards; and the animal-drawings scratched upon the wall begin more than half this distance from the entrance. Close by, in the Font de Gaume, the cave narrows seventy yards in, and only after squeezing sideways through a small hole do you reach the first paintings. In a cave at Niaux, which I have not visited, the Stone Age painters penetrated for half a mile into the rock before beginning their mysterious work. To Palaeolithic Man these obscure recesses must have been profoundly awe-inspiring—the recently discovered cave near Cabrerets, with its fantastic stalactites, is particularly numinous—yet the carved frieze of horses at Cap Blanc is almost the only instance of mural art close to the hearth round which he lived. The burial of the dead in ochre suggests (even more convincingly than the " Sorcerer " painted with his animal-mask and tail in the Trois Frères) that Palaeolithic Man, like most backward peoples that we know of, used magical practices. And though the magical origin of the animal-paintings must remain unproved, it seems to me incomparably the most likely hypothesis. But I would go so far to meet Mr. Hughes as to suggest that the violent hunting-lust of which he speaks was the cause of the magical practices which seem to me so probable. Even the most fanatical atheist, when he wants something desperately (the recovery from dangerous illness, say, of the person he loves), finds his desire expressing itself almost in the form of a prayer. " May this happen," if felt with sufficient violence, takes on the emotional quality if not the actual form of " God, make this happen " or " I must force this to happen." And I would suggest that there is often more than a touch of superstition in the obscene *graffiti* to which Mr. Hughes refers. To draw an object seems, to the dark unconscious primitive part of man, half way to possessing it; and in public conveniences frequented by jockeys, one

FICTION

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sees the names of horses written up, that are not tips but, as it were, prayers or rites. The optative mood, in fact, at a certain intensity becomes supplicatory or even imperative, and so leads easily to magic-making.

* * *

The books most necessary on a tour in France are the *Blue Guides* (Macmillan and Hackette) and the *Guide Michelin*. The latter, unlike some gastronomic guides, is unbribable, and if you follow its "stars" you will very rarely be disappointed. For the planning of a tour I also recommend a recently published book by Mr. Arthur Gardner, *An Introduction to French Church Architecture* (Cambridge University Press, 18*s*.). This most useful work contains a lucid essay on the development of medieval church-building in France, and is illustrated with 290 photographs. Mr. Gardner is rather old-fashioned; he talks of the "deplorable taste" of the eighteenth century, and includes no examples of the Baroque, Rococo and Neo-Classical styles. But his book would be a great help to anyone arranging a holiday in Burgundy, Provence, the Ile de France, Normandy, Languedoc or the South-West. Two other useful books are Miss Violet Markham's *Romanesque France* (Murray, 18*s*.) and *French Châteaux Open to the Public*, by Angus Holden and Ralph Dutton (Allen and Unwin, 5*s*.) Finally, to anyone visiting the Dordogne or the Pyrenees, I recommend as an introduction to Palaeolithic Art the following books which I have found invaluable: *Adam's Ancestors*, by L. S. B. Leakey (Methuen, 7*s*. 6*d*.), Sollas's *Ancient Hunters* (Macmillan, out of print), *Pre-History*, by M. C. Burkitt (Cambridge, 35*s*.), *The Art of the Cavedweller*, by G. Baldwin Brown (John Murray, 7*s*. 6*d*.) and *Origine et Evolution de l'Homme*, by Georges Goury (Auguste Picard). With the help of these books, and, if possible, of an hour or two in the admirable Museum of Pre-History at Toulouse, a journey to the caves near Les Eyzies and Cabrerets becomes passionately interesting. One country after another has been struck off the list of those that most of us would find agreeable to visit. But the pleasantest (and cheapest) country remains, with climate, food, beds, architecture and landscapes all better than those of Central Europe, to say nothing of inhabitants who are more intelligent. Why, in Germany and Austria there are not even any painted caves! But already in the Stone Age, I dare say, these countries excelled in their own magic, and the hunters sang the deaths of the bison and the mammoth. RAYMOND MORTIMER

Good news for those readers of the *New Statesman* who like thrillers and those who have never opened any thriller except Trent's Last Case.

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NEW NOVELS

The Green Mare. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Fortune Press*. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Brighton Rock. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Heinemann*. 7*s*. 6*d*.
To You, Mr. Chips. By JAMES HILTON. *Hodder*. 5*s*.

M. Marcel Aymé is a novelist whose brilliant gifts are already recognised in his own country. *La Jument Verte* appeared five years ago, and it has remained, I believe, the most popular of his novels. It is a study in rural morality, cynical, devastatingly witty, yet not without touches of beauty which the mere dealer in fragrant rusticity cannot hope to achieve. It is based upon an observation of human behaviour so precise, so scrupulous, so uncoloured by prejudice or presupposition that the author himself starts back in surprise from the uncompromising outlines of his design and feels the need of a device to excuse and explain its X-ray perspicacity. That device is the Green Mare. She was born, many years ago, in the stables of the horse-dealer Jules Haudouin, and her fame brought prosperity not only to the Haudouin family but to the village of Claquebue. Everybody, including the Emperor, came to see her; and she was painted by a brilliant young artist. For seventy years her picture hangs on the Haudouins' wall, spectator of all the most intimate family concerns; and M. Aymé's narrative is seven or eight times suspended in favour of the caustic dissertations of this alarmingly observant quadruped.

The story upon which she comments is in itself an excellent one, compounded of familiar provincial ingredients: traditional enmity between families and between clericals and anti-clericals, local politics, intercepted letters. (The setting reminds one of *Clochemerle*, but the treatment is drier and more distinguished.) The protagonists are the two married sons of old Haudouin: Ferdinand, the cold, priggish vet., though most amusingly realised, is to some extent a conventional figure; but Honoré, his unambitious, sunny-natured brother, is a rare achievement: most novelists who attempt this sort of thing cannot resist overdoing it. Besides the Haudouins, there is, in Déodat the postman, a delicious study in sedate, complacent mediocrity, and an acute, illuminating account of the curé. M. Aymé shows himself humane as well as witty; but there is only space to offer a glimpse or two of his wit: the Sunday reunions of the two Haudouin families ("there was a smack of kisses on the cheeks of all the cousins, which were re-echoed on the cheeks of the aunts and uncles; they totalled up and reached forty-eight"), or the ablutions of old Mme. Haudouin:

> In the fine weather, their mother was accustomed to wash her feet on the first Sunday of each month. She put down her tub in the middle of the kitchen, choosing the moment when the family was gathered together, so as to set off the tedium caused by this hygienic necessity with the pleasure of conversation.

The depth of his insight into his characters' world is shown by the lovely description of a satisfied, contented family life which begins (it is too long to quote entire): "In Honoré's house love was like wine from a family vineyard; each one drank it from his own glass; but it brought about a light-heartedness which one brother could recognise in the other, the father in his son." M. Aymé slips only when he abandons the disillusioned realism which is his strength in favour of imaginative fantasy or satirical exaggeration. The churchyard scene in which the dead converse with the living is not a success, and as for the final episode in which Honoré gets even with the enemy by means of locking Maloret *père* in the wardrobe and barricading Maloret *fils* under the bed upon which he then proceeds to take his pleasure with the quite willing Mme. Maloret—it reads like a parody of the Rural Lust School of Fiction.

Unfortunately, the shape in which this admirable and totally unpornographic novel reaches us is no more than a travesty of the original; the green mare is no longer recognisable, scarcely retains so much as a green tail. One can sympathise with the publisher's anxiety over such chapters as that in which the mare

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discourses upon the sexual experience of the Claquebue children; it is fatal, in English eyes, to discuss sex in a manner at once accurate and amusing. But the Fortune Press have sacrificed so much to their respect for propriety that it would have been more honest not to publish the book at all. Whole paragraphs have vanished; but it is not merely a question of suppression, for those which remain are sometimes hopelessly obscured by the substitution of politer words. It is no solution of the difficulty to translate "sexe" by "ambitions," "l'amour sensuel" by "life," "faire l'amour" by "doing something"; or to substitute for "la nudité des autres femmes lui était également insupportable" "the beauty of other women was insupportable to him." Nor is this all: the translator, who often turns a phrase neatly enough, has done his work very carelessly, leaving out negatives, messing up quotation marks, misreading "est" for "et," "épaule" for "étoffe," and rendering, for example, "ces fautes-là n'étaient jamais que des écarts" as "those faults were anything but side-slips," when, of course, it means precisely the opposite. It is a tragedy that this should be the first introduction of M. Aymé to the English public.

Mr. Greene's subject is a boy murderer; a Roman Catholic raised in a squalid Brighton slum, who finds himself, at eighteen, leader of a cut-throat race gang (is this likely?). The Boy marries, because she may prove a dangerous witness, a still younger girl whom he despises; and between them they represent one world, the world of Good and Evil, fierce religious convictions, ultimate salvation or ultimate damnation. The other everyday world is represented by a large, beery, cheery, self-respecting, middle-aged prostitute named Ida Arnold; she believes in Right and Wrong, Fair Play, a good time for all, above all, she believes in life. Beside her substantial carnality the problems of the hereafter melt into quaint shadows: the confessional box is replaced by the Ouija board. She picked up the Boy's victim on the day of his death at Brighton; and suspects, in spite of the inquest, that there is something wrong. She pursues the trail because she believes in Justice, because, too, it involves enough excitement and fun to quicken her sense of life. Before long she has forgotten even what the murdered man looked like, and is only kept going by the thrill of the chase and the desire to save the little waitress from the Boy's "clutches." But the waitress does not want to be saved; pathetically loyal to the only creature who has ever displayed interest in her, conscious, too, of the link of their common background and religion, she shrinks from no revelation of his wickedness: if he is damned, then they will be damned together. Few things fascinate me more than the unconcern displayed by many Roman Catholics at the spectacle of mortal sin in themselves and their friends; to believe devoutly in eternal torment, and not to mind more, is surely very odd. One would expect them to be like the most boring sort of Air Raid Warden, perpetually attempting to fit their friends with spiritual gas masks. It is one of the virtues of *Brighton Rock* that it sinks a shaft into these twilight regions of belief and conscience. Another virtue is its beautifully sensitive surface; Mr. Greene uses words like a master and creates pictures of startling force. But I think it is a touch of literary romanticism which allows him to see chimney-pots as "phallic" (perhaps they are) and to respond a little too eagerly to the beauty of decay; a quite disproportionate number of his people have "tartar-coloured teeth" or eyes that turn "yellow with the sexual effort," even a car park attendant has a gammy leg, and the pageboy at the Cosmopolitan is heard shouting: "Mr. Pinecoffin." 'Tain't natural. The waitress is a brilliant sketch, the Boy a skilful psychological study (though I found his "*Credo in unum Satanum*" hard to swallow). The triumph of the book, however, is Ida Arnold, who seems to me one of the most fully imagined characters in recent English fiction. From the moment when she is heard off, a rich Guinness voice singing old ballads in a public bar ("One night—in an alley—Lord Rothschild said to me") she is alive; and, seeming to require no manipulation from her creator, she remains alive to the end.

The temptation must have been irresistible to make a little more out of the prodigiously (and, on the whole, deservedly) successful Mr. Chips. Mr. Hilton has managed to recall a few more of those traits and phrases which made him the epitome of the good old schoolmaster: pure Chips, for instance, is the information that the Gogmagog ridge is "the highest land between Brookfield and the Ural Mountains." But the little tales are almost too slight, and certainly too sentimental; there are moments when Chips, with one eye perhaps on the station bookstall, becomes altogether too consciously quaint and lovable. But the book is worth while for the sake of an excellent autobiographical introduction which defends, lazily but not stupidly, the English educational system. I liked the singular vision of the boy Hilton, allowed by his father to choose his own school, solemnly touring round England interviewing headmasters. He chose well, for "Brookfield" sounds, to me, a most exceptional school. Mr. Hilton was there from 1914 to 1918, but he hated militarism, did not join the O.T.C., and was no good at and took not the slightest interest in games (he says he concealed this, but how hard that is!). In spite of all this, he was never bullied, never had a fight with anybody, never received corporal punishment, and neither succumbed to nor encountered sexual aberration. Even the hypothesis that he was a boy of phenomenal charm hardly explains everything. If a hundred worried parents do not instantly beg him to reveal the name of this paragon among schools I shall be much surprised.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

DUCAL MAGNIFICENCE

Welbeck Abbey and its Owners. Vol. 1, 1539–1755. By A. S. TURBERVILLE. *Faber and Faber.* 25s.

Really, we live in days of ducal enlightenment! There is the Duke of Bedford, who has taken a trained historian into his household, and the result is to be seen in the excellent monographs on the Russells which Miss Scott Thomson is bringing out; there is the late Duke of Marlborough, who opened his archives to and encouraged Mr. Churchill to write the life of their great ancestor; and now the Duke of Portland, himself no mean author, has inspired this project of a history of Welbeck and its owners, and commissioned Professor Turberville to execute it. If only the Dukes continue to go on like this, historically minded persons of the Left may well be seduced into supporting Lord Lothian's scheme for the preservation of them and their houses as national monuments.

I must confess to a partiality for family history myself, particularly when written on such ample lines and with no stint of space as this is. There is something so real and satisfying about it. After the short-winded compressions, the abstractions and perhaps inevitable *clichés* of text-books, it is refreshing to get down to

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individual human beings, the basic currency of all history—not less so when it is a question of insufferably stuck-up dukes, mad duchesses, heiresses willing and unwilling, befuddled and extravagant bibliomaniacs, patrons and their patronees, with the appropriate background of the family and family quarrels, marriages and lawsuits, an obedient and taciturn tenantry, and all England to play about with—as the Book says, "the earth is theirs and the fulness thereof": in short the world of the historic great. At any rate, it makes more interesting reading than the lives of ordinary poor mortals; and is possibly more significant, since it covers so much of the history of the country.

From the point of view of the historian, these twentieth-century dukes are much more satisfactory and enlightened; for where their ancestors expected a genealogy dating from the Conquest and before, these take pleasure in the plain facts, that the Russells descend from fifteenth-century Dorset gentry and merchants of Bridport, the Cavendishes from a sixteenth-century hanger-on of Cromwell who made a good thing out of the Dissolution of the monasteries. It is not for nothing that this book begins with the year 1539; it is a significant date: that of the first purchase of the Abbey by Richard Whalley, another of the associates of Cromwell. (Professor Turberville does not tell us what he paid for it, which is a pity: he would not have got it for nothing.) For the Cavendishes were not the first in possession; they did not come in until well on in the reign of Elizabeth, when the Whalleys, as sometimes happened to such people, fell on evil days. The characteristic—it is almost a peculiarity—of the earlier history of Welbeck, the period dealt with in this volume, is the variety of families through whom its ownership passed, not by sale and purchase, but through the failure of male heirs. During three successive generations, a girl was left as the heiress; and Welbeck passed from Cavendishes to a Holles, thence to the Harleys and ultimately to the Bentincks.

This has the advantage to us of much more variegated reading; there are all the more quarrels and lawsuits and eccentricities to amuse us. The story begins with that termagant, Bess of Hardwicke, with her passion for acquisitive match-making and grandiose building. It seems odd to think that her long-suffering and fourth husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, can ever have addressed her as "my dere none, of all joys I have under God the gretest is your selfe"; for their quarrels were notorious and have become part of Elizabethan history. (Professor Turberville is almost certainly wrong in interpreting "none" as "mine own"; Shrewsbury means "nun," a delightful term of endearment in the circumstances.) The next outstanding figures in Welbeck history are the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle: they were a very attached couple and not without their attraction. Certainly the Duchess, with her endless writings, her odd behaviour and eccentric headgear, attracted the attention of her time—Pepys was agog to see her when she came to London—as she has of Mrs. Woolf in this age as an early apostle of feminism. Perhaps the most sympathetic figure among them all is the second Earl of Oxford, a man of no particular ability or distinction in himself, who remains alive to posterity because of his patronage of men of genius, Pope, Prior, Swift, Gibbs. It is a proper irony of fate that so many of the great in their day should only be remembered now because of the men whom they patronised. But a second claim in Oxford's case is that of the splendid Harleian collections he formed.

Against the advantage of this variegatedness, there is this slight disadvantage: one misses the unity, and the variations upon like characteristics, which one has in the case of a single family. But this is a pleasure we have to look forward to with the next volume, which will deal with the Portland period from 1755 onwards.

This volume is an exceptional case of a book upon which all connected with its publication are to be congratulated: the Duke of Portland, who inspired it, Professor Turberville who has written it with care and competence, if not with brilliance, and the publishers, who have produced the book beautifully and with a welcome wealth of illustration.

A. L. ROWSE

JULES CAMBON

Jules Cambon. By GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS. Translated by C. F. ATKINSON. *Cape.* 15s.

The story of Jules Cambon deserved to be written; and Mme. Tabouis has written it well. The French edition is called *Jules Cambon par l'un des siens;* but the book does not suffer from the faults of most memoirs written by adoring relatives. If anything the author is even a little too discreet and self-effacing, and one sometimes wishes she had told us more about Cambon the man, and of his personal relations with the people around him, instead of concentrating almost entirely on his public activities. She tells us surprisingly little even of the relations between Jules and his equally famous brother, Paul Cambon, the Ambassador in London.

Nevertheless, though one does not distinguish his human features as clearly as one would like, his figure stands out clearly enough against the moving historical background of his life. And what a life and background! Born in the reign of Louis Philippe, he died during the premiership of M. Laval, three years ago. Like his brother, Jules Cambon was a typical Frenchman of the upper bourgeoisie, a class which constituted, as it were, the backbone of nineteenth and early twentieth century France. He continued, a good way into the twentieth century, the traditions of the bourgeoisie of the July Monarchy. He was born three years before the 1848 Revolution, and it is perhaps significant that, in this story of his life, 1848 should not be mentioned at all. Mme. Cambon, the mother of Paul and Jules, a handsome woman with "an oval face that should have been painted by Ingres," continued to live, after the Revolution, much as she had done before it; and though the traditions of the Cambon family were "liberal," this liberalism adapted itself very well to the Second Empire. The boys read the *Journal des Débats,* frequented Thiers, whom they regarded as a great statesman; and when, later, the "liberal" Thiers drowned the Commune in rivers of blood, the Cambons found it quite natural. Jules, who fled from Paris to Versailles as soon as the Commune was proclaimed, was a typical Versaillais, and was actually *chef de cabinet* to a member of the Thiers Government during the Paris insurrection. He was twenty-six then; and it was he and the like of him who were to build up the Third Republic—such as it was to be for many years to come—a bourgeois democracy; more bourgeois than truly democratic. At thirty-three he became Prefect of one of the Algerian provinces; at thirty-eight Prefect of the Nord Department; at forty-two Prefect of the even more important Department of the Rhône. He was "humane and subtle in his administration," but also firm and

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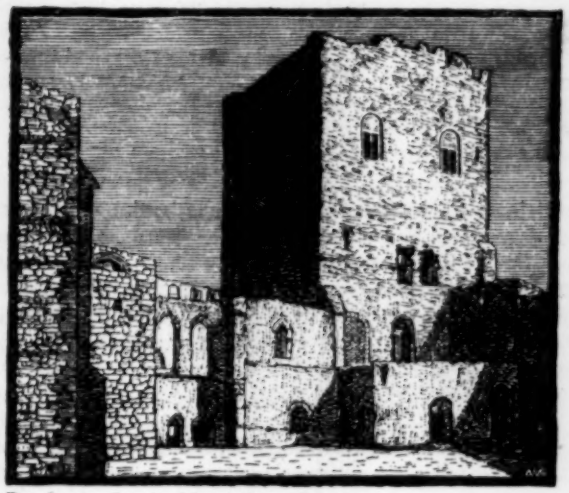

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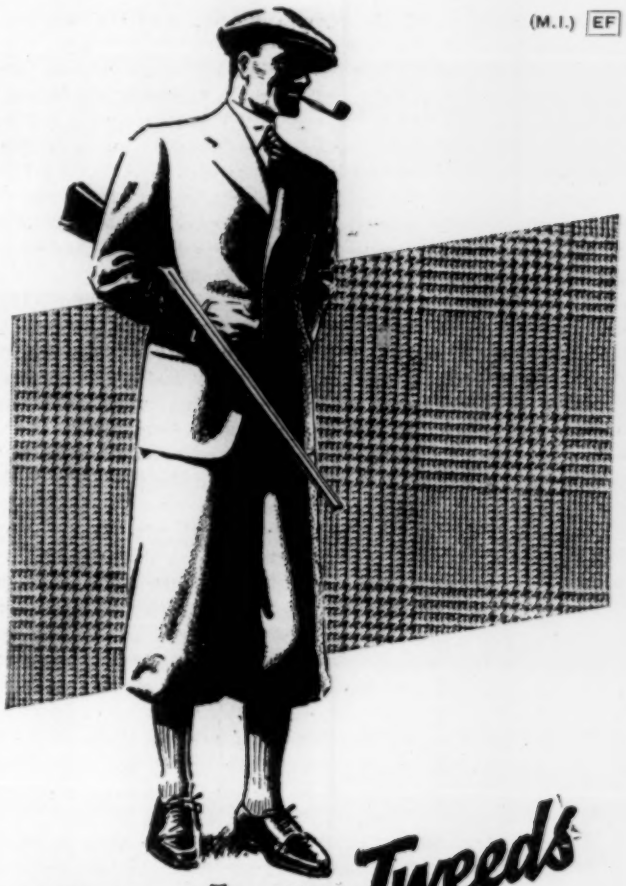

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authoritative—qualities which were as necessary in his Empire-building task in Algeria as they were in his dealings with the turbulent proletariat of rapidly developing industrial centres like Lille and Lyon. A good conservative, with "liberal" traditions, but with a strong belief in law and order. In short, *un grand préfet*.

In 1891 he became Governor of Algeria, where he is chiefly remembered for his work of decentralisation—that is, for his efforts to take much of the local administration out of the hands of Paris—and for the encouragement he gave to the military expansion towards the South—an expansion which foreshadowed the gradual absorption of Morocco by the French.

In 1897 he began his distinguished career as a diplomat. He was appointed first to Washington where, a year later, he was to play a leading part in negotiating the peace treaty between Spain and the United States; and between 1903 and 1907 he was Ambassador in Madrid—that is, during the years when Morocco was the chief concern of European diplomacy. And then, in 1907, he began his famous Ambassadorship in Berlin. Before leaving Madrid he wondered whether he would leave Berlin in the same happy frame of mind; and he doubted it.

Though, up to this point, the story of Cambon's life is not of immediate topical interest, it is brightened by excellent descriptive matter, for instance, about the social life in Algiers in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Algiers was then as popular a winter resort, especially with rich Englishmen, as Egypt is to-day. Musicians and actors like Saint-Saëns and Sarah Bernhardt would also spend the winter at Algiers and be entertained by the Governor of the colony. Equally good are Mme. Tabouis's descriptions of Madrid 35 years ago, and of Maria-Christina's ultra-clerical court—against which young Alfonso was in a state of chronic rebellion. She records an amusing Cambon story about a Moroccan chieftain, who, after being taken round the Royal palace and presented to the Queen Mother and her aged and rather dowdy ladies-in-waiting, declared himself delighted with the palace but most disappointed with the young King's harem. Mme. Tabouis's sidelights on Court life in the Berlin of William II are also excellent. What a strange mixture of Prussianism and of European culture, after the *sans-souci* model, it must have been! They danced minuets in eighteenth-century dress at the Kaiser's Court; but the Kaiserin was a *hausfrau* who had educated her children as though they were only the princelings of a small German state. Cambon found the Kaiser difficult to get on with—"his expressions and gestures are always exaggerated"; and he also records the strange, constant antipathy between the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Cambon disliked most of the German leaders—not least Bülow, whom he regarded as a hypocrite of the worst sort, a brutal Prussian posing as a lover of Latin culture; and Jagow, whom, in July, 1914, he tried in vain to persuade that England would not remain neutral, and from whom he received the reply: "You have your sources of information, I have mine." The German for whom he had the greatest esteem was Kiderlen Waechter, "a son of old Germany," a disciple of Bismarck's, with a secret contempt for the Kaiser, a large jovial man with crude and simple tastes, who died in 1912 of overeating. Kiderlen and Cambon were both convinced that the two of them had saved Europe from war in 1911, during the Agadir affair.

After the outbreak of the war Cambon, though now over seventy, continued to play a leading part in French diplomacy. Whether it was a useful part Mme. Tabouis leaves to the reader's judgment. Whatever one may think of the attempts to reach a peace settlement before 1918 (first by Sixte de Bourbon, and later by Von Lancken), it is certain that they were all discouraged by Cambon, who would not hear of a peace settlement without the reannexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Later, at the Peace Conference, Cambon, while sympathetic to Foch's insistence on the creation of the Rhineland buffer state, ultimately supported Clemenceau—even though he already then foresaw that the Anglo-American guarantee to France would come to nothing. But he felt that if the buffer state were created, France could not depend on British and American support in the next war. After Wilson's fall, he made the interesting reflection that if the American Senate disavowed Wilson, it was much less on account of the French alliance, than on account of the League of Nations, which was totally unacceptable to American opinion. And, with the League, everything else went overboard.

As a member of the French delegation to the Peace Conference he fought hard, for strategic reasons, for the inclusion of the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia. The Americans were against it, though it should be added that, at that time, they were still arguing in ideal League terms. On the whole, Cambon regarded Versailles as the best settlement that could have been reached "in the circumstances." He himself did not seriously believe that it would last long.

After the Peace Treaty Cambon presided over the famous Conference of Ambassadors, whose task it became to settle questions like Upper Silesia, Memel, etc. He believed in the old methods of diplomacy, and had little faith in the League. When, many years later, Briand died, Cambon said: "Poor Briand; it is just as well he is gone. He dreamed a beautiful dream; but the trouble with Geneva is that it takes no account of human nature. One cannot change human nature overnight."

Whether "poor Briand" was right or wrong is one of the fundamental questions of post-war history—a question over which France will never cease to quarrel. It is very like the question whether Hitler was avoidable or unavoidable.

The translation is rather stilted at times, and not always correct. For instance, the Kaiser's *complexion moyenne* does not mean "average complexion," but medium build. French can be a treacherous language.

A. B.

BLIND ALLEYS

Brought Up and Brought Out. By MARY PAKENHAM. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 8s. 6d.

Brought Up and Brought Out is a brilliantly naive book, essays on the discomforts of being young. Lady Mary Pakenham's childhood was spent in surroundings that, though correct, the family genius of a large and highly individualised family managed to make sufficiently fantastic. Fierce children—or rather, children blameless in public but tigers amongst themselves—Lady Mary and her brothers and sisters occupied that underworld set apart for its children by Society. They terrorised fellow-travellers on the Irish Mail, and at inappropriate moments slid on crimson carpets. These children were not "brought out" shortly after birth; nothing was done to make them socially precocious; they felt isolated from other children by having to wear unaccommodating clothes. The Irish Question made itself known to them through a series of inconveniences and alarms. It is no doubt from being Anglo-Irish, or having been Anglo-Irish at one period, that Lady Mary has learnt something of her ironic immunity.

> I was born knowing the difference between the Protestant Church and the Church of Rome. There wasn't a time when I was not aware that Protestants were respectable but dull, while Catholics were dirty but amusing. I was likewise born conscious of the Irish Question, and a terrible tedious question I thought it. My family did not share my opinion about this, though I have since met a remarkable number of people who do.
>
> Considering how much I heard it talked about, I learnt very few details of this eternal question. I suppose I automatically shut off my brain whenever politics turned up in the conversation.

From living, or spending much time in Ireland, one learns that everything matters but nothing matters much. Fatalism is increased by a childhood during the War, and by playing a debutante's part in the General Strike. Children moved in numbers from place to place also acquire a quizzical attitude. There is a nice picture of the family, some of them adolescent, some childish, putting in an economical summer in appalling hotels abroad. Foreign travel in more picturesque places, such as Italy, comes in well: the family spent what must have amounted to years in trains, and, with always equal tension and sense of drama, individual members were or were not sick. The fascination of this book consists in its presenting a series of pictures of life under very exacting conditions from the point of view of someone who may be sick in the train. Even animals did not provide a purely jolly world: Lady Mary has no sooner picked up a rather pampered kitten met near Florence than it dies in her hands.

This book does so much to expose the debutante racket that one wonders why it has not been burned by the social columnist. The mortifications and dullness of Lady So-and-So's girl, squeezing up a packed staircase to meet men hired by the stone, are exposed unshrinkingly. *Brought Up and Brought Out* should be, in common fairness, kept from the hands of non-debutantes of all ages who are happy leading this dream life. Lady Mary, cruelly well equipped, later explored the expensive illusion to its source by joining the staff of a well-known evening paper. Thus she has Society taped inside and out.

Nothing is more telling than to under-write one's experiences. Lady Mary is not out to expose anything, however many idols she shatters by the way. She seems merely to wonder why life is so funny and why nothing, however portentous, ever quite

comes off. She gives important notes on fighting, and on why one feels so artificial with people whom one knows one can neither hit nor kick. Much of the spleen that goes to make us so touchy and treacherous no doubt arises from the suppression of violence . . . The art of apparently saying everything and at the same time giving nothing away is completely commanded by Lady Mary. Few books that are not vulgar seem competent these days: *Brought Up and Brought Out* provides an exception to this. Lady Mary respects institutions without asking anything of them; she has an acute distaste for seediness and decay, and for Bohemia's anxious conventionalities. The art school, the newspaper office, philanthropy all whittle down under her sharp knife. *Brought Up and Brought Out* could, apart from its content, be read for its at once adept and negligent style, and for its analysis of the nature of the blind alley. ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE FOUNDATIONS OF TORYISM

The Second Tory Party, 1714-1832. By KEITH GRAHAME FEILING. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Mr. Feiling's book has many great merits. It is based on wide research, it is always well, and sometimes brilliantly, written, and it is throughout an interesting and illuminating book. He has penetrated behind that Whig theory of history in which most of us were brought up, and has shown decisively how little reality there was in the struggle between Whig and Tory until some such time as the emergence of the younger Pitt. Further, he has, I think, demonstrated that a real issue of division on principle hardly emerged until the French Revolution brought into discussion, for the first time since the seventeenth century, the foundations of the State. In the post-war sense, party is almost a misnomer for the political conflicts before 1789. We watch the unedifying struggles for power between groups and factions that would often have been hard put to it to explain their differences on grounds of central principle. It is rather with the rewards of office than with the principles of policy that they concerned themselves.

Yet, for all its learning and attractiveness, there is a sense in which Mr. Feiling's book is a disappointment. Partly, I think, this is because he has written it so closely round the House of Commons and its debates. He hardly touches the literary side of the party battle. Yet the discussions aroused by pamphlets like those of Egmont, Junius, Burke, to take names before 1789 only, were of real importance in the definition of the issues. It can, I believe, be said also that his almost exclusive concentration upon Westminster and Whitehall has put his picture a good deal out of perspective; not a little of party history can only be written as investigation works out the character and incidence of local opinion on the issues of the time. I feel sure, moreover, that Mr. Feiling has not seen, in adequate proportion, the significance of George III's attempt to revive the power of the Crown as the dominating factor in the making of politics. No doubt fear of the events in France had much to do with the emergence of a definite Tory philosophy. But it is also important that there accreted about the later Hanoverian Kings interests prepared to use the prerogative and royal influence as a weapon in defence of the existing order; and there is no monarch in this period who was not a party to their effort. The place of the throne in Tory policy needs, I suspect, far more place than it receives in the account he has given us. In no small degree, it is a factor invariably evil in its results.

Nor is it always easy to accept the judgments made by Mr. Feiling. He is, on the whole, sympathetic, for example, to Pitt's handling of the grim years of suppression after 1792. It is not easy to accept his version of the facts. Men like Hardy did not agitate for nothing; and the immense influence of Paine with the working classes was born, surely, of the fact that he said with incisive cogency things that they wanted to hear. So, too, I think he exaggerates the growth of social well-being in the years after 1816. The trade returns are one thing; the impact of the new economic order upon the minds and bodies of the workers is a very different story. I wish Mr. Feiling had considered in more detail the forces which turned Bentham from a Tory into a Radical. The "sinister interest" against which he inveighed in his later years is not the indignation of a disappointed reformer, but a sober fact which explains a great deal of the events he describes. The men who ruled England for the forty years before the Reform Bill were wedded to a conception of life in which they had all the

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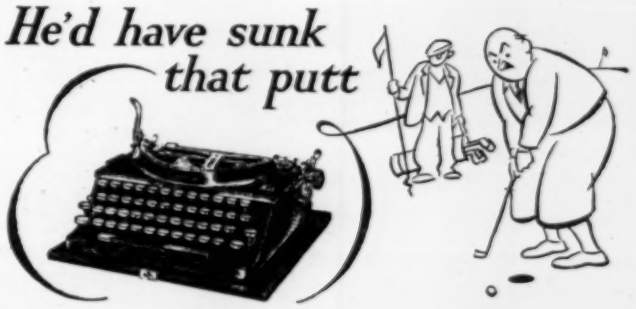

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gains and the working class all the toil. They were careless, as the famous *Black Book* makes clear, even of some of the elementary decencies which Tammany Hall would think it desirable to respect. They set themselves to make an England that was safe for themselves and their kind; and Mr. Feiling's defence of their insight does not really take us very far. It may well be that, in the same period, the Whigs would not have been much better. Yet anyone who reads Fox's speeches against Pitt's repressive measures will find it difficult not to conclude that he spoke for that authentic England against which the Toryism Pitt built was, at its best, some sort of a conspiracy. The record he unfolds is one of second-rate men, largely devoid of imagination, who go through the armoury of Bentham's "anarchical fallacies" in defence of their interests. They had little insight and less generosity; and it is reasonable to insist that not even the noblest of Pitt's high-sounding phrases is an excuse for the policy he defended. He became, says Mr. Feiling, the "dedicated victim of resistance to revolution." But he was a willing victim; and he took with him to the altar of sacrifice the just demands of ordinary men.

HAROLD J. LASKI

ART IN DECAY

A History of Later Chinese Painting. By OSWALD SIRÉN. Two vols. *Medici Society*. £8 8s.

Till recently no Chinese painting could fetch any considerable price in Europe unless it masqueraded as an Old Master. Now, at any rate on the Continent, there is a growing interest in the later periods, from the fourteenth century onwards. Dr. Sirén's book is a gigantic corpus of information about painters and paintings from 1350 to 1796, and its 242 plates reproduce over 300 carefully selected works of this period. Such an undertaking represents enormous industry and determination. As Dr. Sirén is not primarily a sinologue it necessitated collaboration with a Chinese friend, and the results of this collaboration have not always been happy. Thus, in reference to Hsü Wei, whose career supplies a curious psychological footnote to the story of Van Gogh, Dr. Sirén says that Hsü pierced his ear with an awl and castrated himself, "simulating madness." It seems strange indeed that anyone merely feigning madness should have resorted to such extremes. And when we turn to the text which Dr. Sirén is translating, we find nothing whatever about "simulating." It simply says that he "went mad." There are too many examples of sheer translator's pidgin, such as (p. 7) "All his paintings were lofty and original and beyond comparison," or (p. 11) "he followed his own ideas, rubbed and brushed and was like an old lion walking quite alone without a single companion."

The Chinese are famous for their love of nature. But in the long series of works here reproduced a dreary veil of "classical methods," tabulated tricks and dodges, standardised eccentricities is interposed between the artist and his subject, so that most of the paintings are a positive offence to the eye of one who has felt passionately about water, snow, rocks, trees and hills. Chinese patrician art in these centuries was a sterile, desiccated affair; but it was not the only art that existed in China, as witness the popular coloured woodcuts of the seventeenth century, certain wall-paintings and many minor applied arts and handicrafts.

Even in the products of "high art," genius occasionally peeps through. For example, Plate 1 (Ni Tsan); to be compared with the feeble imitation of this style on Plate 50. Plate 42 ("Phoenix," by Lin Liang). Hsü Wei's magnificent roll of the Four Seasons (Plate 114), seen at Burlington House; and Plate 229, "Magnolias and Poppies," by Yün Shou-p'ing.

The defects of the book are, indeed, due to the stagnation of upper-class pictorial art in China from the fourteenth century onwards. The task of the historian is to record. Dr. Sirén has recorded the decline and fall of Chinese painting fully and conscientiously, and his book is to be welcomed as a solid contribution to knowledge.

ARTHUR WALEY

The Orchestra Speaks. By BERNARD SHORE. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.

If there is something excessive and unhealthy in the adulation bestowed by an uncritical public on its favourite conductors (one might almost say conductor), this little book by the principal viola of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra should help to redress the balance. Not that he presumes to debunk the great men under whom he has played; but he gives the public a chance to learn how the results which they admire are achieved, and incidentally to distinguish more keenly between one style and another. Fortunately he has not been afraid to sprinkle his pages with technical details; and since he is also a witty writer and a good Boswell, we enjoy the illusion of attending a series of rehearsals in person. The author unerringly selects just those mannerisms and catchwords which will bring each of his portraits to life. Thus, Beecham cannot keep his characteristic elegance of phrase out of the simplest instruction: "at Fig. 19, cymbals, a grand smash of your delightful instrument to help in the general welter of sound, if you please." Mengelberg "in a very scornful and powerful voice" mocks blurred or lifeless string playing with a dreary "Ter-der!" accompanied by "a horrible scraping on his desk with his baton." Sir Henry Wood is the exponent of an almost inconceivable punctuality, gusto and efficiency, whose symbol is the "great, historic, turnip, Waterbury watch, which is more reliable than Big Ben." Koussevitsky is the fiery martinet who can reply to some quite important question about bowing: "Do not spik! If you spik I go home!" Toscanini's intense concentration expresses itself in anguished appeals, and at times volcanic outbursts, in three or four languages, but always to the same purpose: "Cantando, sempre cantando. . . . I do not make stringendo or ritenuto. In tempo, play in tempo, and sing. . . . Why do you change the tempo? You make stringendo and rallentando—why, why, why?" Nevertheless Mr. Shore dismisses as unfounded the legend that Toscanini never adds to or alters the original markings of the classics, citing the *Coriolan* Overture as an example. His book is of the greatest interest not only to collectors of musical personalia, but to all who care for fine orchestral playing. We have only one complaint to make—the omission of Bruno Walter, a great and ill-starred conductor under whose baton Mr. Shore has often played and will, we hope, often play again.

Seaports and Hinterlands. By A. J. SARGENT. *Black*. 8s. 6d.

Whenever, as a piece of human merchandise, we approach a seaport, our interest is quickened; harbours, ships and trade mean so much to human life, for the level of material comfort to which we are accustomed is made possible by trade. Professor Sargent deals with this subject, but limits himself mainly to examining seaports in relation to their hinterlands. Owing to methodological scruples he restricts himself mainly to foreign trade, always apologising when he produces figures of coastal trade or re-export. The result is that, though the book is full of interesting information with regard to exports and imports, inland waterways, railways, geography, and government interference with economic forces, it is very heavy going.

The arrangement of material in this book is odd. First Hamburg and the other smaller German ports are dealt with, then Rotterdam and the Rhine, followed by all the ports in North America from Galveston to New York and on to Fort Churchill. Finally, all the trade of South America is analysed. Surely the last part should have come first, for in such places as Chile hinterlands do exist in a simple form. At Iquique, which lies at the foot of the Andes, all the goods that are not produced in its tiny hinterland are unloaded from lighters—"bags, coal, machinery, timber, oils, and general merchandise"—and out go nitrates, iodine, and copper ores. Another peculiarity of the book is that the figures for 1929 trade are regarded as normal, and trade is only partly regarded as a shifting affair, rising, falling, and even drying up. The maps, unfortunately, are poor.

If industry and trade are to be planned, the concept of a hinterland to, say, Liverpool is valuable; for the area served by each port must be known. Channels of trade are one of the fundamental data with which planners will have to deal. There are enough official statistics to form a basis for planning, though they are often, as Professor Sargent points out, uncomparable, erratic and unintelligently gathered.

Chinese Crackers. By WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR. *Boriswood*. 5s.

This collection of light verses will appeal to the public which appreciates the work of Mr. Ernest Bramah. Mr. Seymour's "alleged translations from the Chinese" are neat little squibs. The mannerisms of the translator provide an elegant shape for the author's jokes and indignations. He ranges from simple fun about the Tax Collector:

> But I have observed that my pitiful taels
> Become gold bricks in the coffers of Yan Kee and Fran Ko

And that many honourable folk in those lands are idle and hungry, to anger about:

> The little steel-eyed men who madly proclaim themselves
> The masters of a never-conquered land.

At one extreme Mr. Seymour fits too closely *Punch's* formulae for facetiousness, and at the other his verse is too light and his satire too mild to deal adequately with the theme of war. However, in incidental epigrams the parodist's manner and subject combine into something approaching poetry:

> If you have seen a river overflow its banks
> You have seen my desolating public grief
> For my deceased mother-in-law.
>
> If you have seen a cat washing its face
> In a sunlit garden
> You have witnessed my private content.

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AUSTRIAN M.D., 25 years of age, and a student of Analytical Chemistry (same age) not allowed to pass final examinations, being Jews, should like to finish their studies in London. This would require one year's stay for which means are made available abroad by a relative who will guarantee funds. Home Office Immigration Dept. requires, however, guarantee of British subject that the two will be supported during their stay in England. Since financial guarantee at hand, a human soul is wanted who will apply at the Home Office for the two students, who are both of excellent family with best references. Please write for details. Box 2458.

BELGIUM. Cultivated Belgian family welcome p.g. summer months. 35 mins. centre Brussels. £6 15s. monthly. English ref. DIAMAND, Heybridge, Maldon, Essex. Apply VANDERBORGHT, 138 Av. Fond Roy, Vede, Belgium.

YOUNG man, (18), Public School I fear, requires occupation during vacation; intelligent, enterprising, literary and artistic aspirations, conversationalist, will organise, tutor, or go abroad. Welcome any opportunity. Box 2480.

WIDOWER will pay one pound weekly, do odd jobs, drive car, accountancy for board and lodging. Might suit guest house. Box 2436.

YOUNG man of aesthetic, philosophic, and living interests, unaffected, wants another to share gemütlich villa, lovely situation, Ronco above Ascona. £1 a week inclusive. One servant. Now. Box 2469.

WOMAN School-teacher, graduate, offers services without charge, August three weeks to worth-while cause needing help. London preferred. Box 2457.

YOUNG educated man, adaptable, with new car, wants something to do for 3 weeks, from Aug. 17th, anywhere; expenses sufficient, or board. Box 2448.

WOULD ANY KIND PERSON lend small house, flat or studio to Austrian ARTIST couple during holidays. Good English references. Write P.L., 64 Redington Road, N.W.3.

AUGUST CAMPING. 2 last-minute vacancies small party adults and children, perfect Norfolk coast. Lyndale School (see "Schools").

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Week-end Competitions

No. 437

Set by T. W. Earp

Many readers are said to select a novel from a perusal of its last paragraph. A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most alluring of last paragraphs, which should not be more than 300 words long.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 29th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 435

Set by Stevie Smith

You are invited to compose, for the friendly use of the German Government in England, an *Appeal* to the people of Great Britain and the Empire seriously to consider the voluntary absorption of themselves—a regrettably separated aryan-bloodbrotherhood—by the Third Reich. Passing reference, in the lightest of German diplomatic language, may be made to possible difficulties, but these should be recognised only to be disposed of. The tone of the appeal should be friendly, persuasive, plausible, and where emphasis is required, sorrow rather than anger should be the note. The usual prizes are offered for an Appeal which must not exceed 300 words.

Report by Stevie Smith

Competitors were bright in patches, but there was no sustained blaze of inspired idiocy; perhaps the utterances of Greater Germany are not so accessible to the English public as I thought. Some gem of Streicher-like quality—("that Jew, Disraeli, who was raised to the British Peerage as Lord Gladstone") should have enlivened a rather heavy post. Many appeared to take the Anglo-German Anschluss both enthusiastically and seriously—their names should certainly be listed for future honours when the Führer comes into his own. On the whole, however, the Appeal was addressed to Sportsmen, and only in one case (C. Kinross) was an attempt made to drive a wedge between England and France by cocking a snook at Norman William and his train of "impudent foreigners." E. Davis has a pleasant fancy—"when the Union Jack and the Swastika are entwined together"; "Tenterhooks," with the temerity of a 100 per cent. aryan-angel, rushes into English byways, breathless and unpunctuated: "Hitler finds work for Aryan hands for he's a jolly good fellow." "I was a Britain" opens excellently: "Comrades of the Westmark" and has some good points, offering to His Majesty the King "The Governorship of India, brightest jewel in his crown. . . ." "The Anschluss," he declares, "would assist peace, because we should then renounce our colonial claims. . . ." "Play up," he urges, nominating "your own great Sir Mosley" Gauleiter of Britain. William Bliss also begs England, in embracing the Anchluss, not to forget the colonies—"They will be welcome." C. W. Baily is sportish: "We also play the football. Jolly good sports. Mud in your eye. Bung-bung." Bung-bung is particularly happy, but the appeal has too much pidgin-English in it and it is doubtful if such felicities as "Potency through pleasure" would ever embellish our hoardings. The first prize goes to Towanbucket for a well-sustained if rather solemn appeal. The second prize is divided between J. C. B. Date (he alone remembers Houston Chamberlain, and I pass for second place his "wops"—another bravely unhappy excursion into colloquial?) and Rothebât for putting the matter in a nutshell.

FIRST PRIZE

Our great leader, Adolf Hitler, on behalf of the German Government, extends to the British people his heartiest good wishes. Having their ultimate good very much at heart, he desires most earnestly that they should combine with him to rule the civilised world through the matchless organisation set up by the Third Reich.

In the long run perhaps this is inevitable, but he appeals to the wise and far-sighted British nation to spare the shedding of blood and waste of time which must result from prolonging the present process of European appeasement.

That there are difficulties in the way of this voluntary act of faith the German Government is sorrowfully aware; but it is convinced that many of these can be smoothed out by a determined desire to recognise realities. The German people already burn with this desire, and the noble infection must soon pass to their blood brothers in Britain and the British Empire. In the reorganisation contemplated by the Third Reich much that is effete and merely sentimental must pass away, and it is to be feared that a minority of rather foolish and headstrong citizens may oppose, for the sake of opposing, such changes as may be involved in the necessary adjustment of Government personnel at home and abroad, the canalising of free speech on the platform and in the press, and the orderly control of those unruly elements which exist, alas, in all populations.

But given British good will and German efficiency, the union can be accomplished; and the German Government promises, for its part, that when the great work is done, there is no privilege now possessed by German citizens which shall not also be the precious inheritance of free Britons of pure blood.

Our Leader calls on YOU to save the world! TOWANBUCKET

SECOND PRIZE (Divided)

Come home. All forgiven.—Mother.

"ROTHEBÂT"

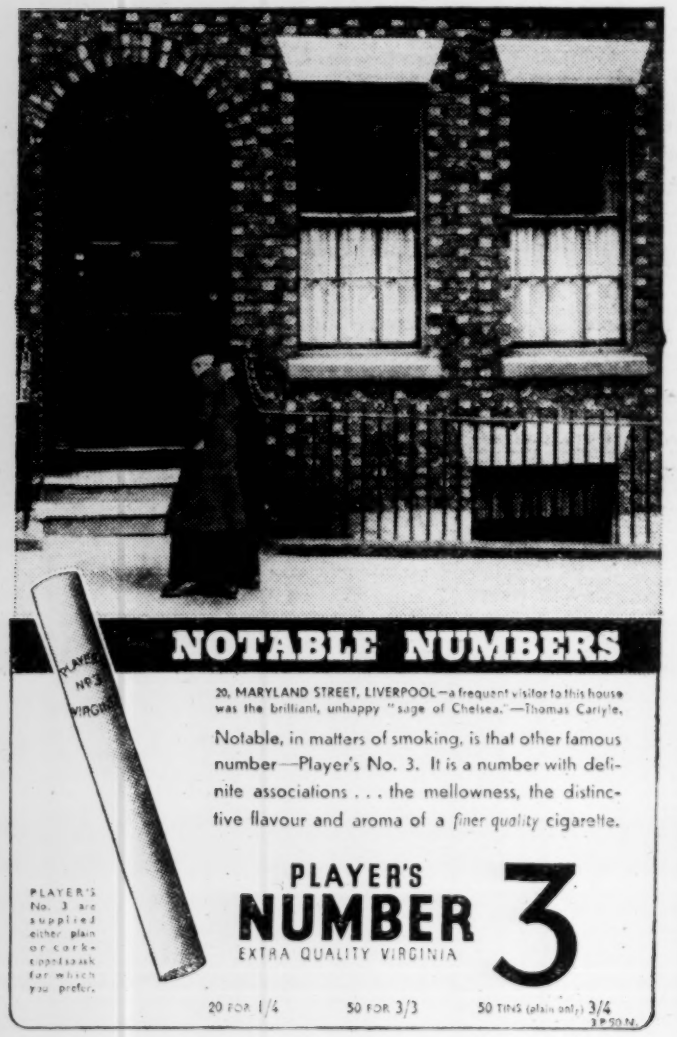
SECOND PRIZE (Divided)

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

The world to-day lies under the shadow of two great menaces, Bolshevism and Jewry, which can be overcome only by a united effort of the Nordic Race. Moreover, there must be no weakness in the front which the Nordic people presents to its foe; all its forces must be united under one leader. That leader has appeared—Adolf Hitler! We in Germany now call on our blood-brothers in England to fall in beside us behind the great hero of our common race.

The Nordic civilisation of England, the civilisation of Shakespeare, and Carlyle, and Houston Chamberlain, is to-day in great peril. International Jewry, in the person of the Jew Belisha, is corrupting its leaders; her ships are left a prey to dagoes and wops. England must free herself from the machinations of this Jewish cabal, and accept gladly the call of the Leader. He does not ask the English people to sacrifice its Englishness, but to return to its former unity with its German brothers, so that Anglos, and Saxons, and Prussians may again stand together against the foreign danger as in the days of Hermann.

The Leader comes in friendship, not in revenge. He seeks to punish no one, save the assassin of Versailles, David George. He will show his noble clemency by ordering his storm-troops to protect the English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ON SUSSEX DOWNS, to let furnished modern detached Cottage, sleep 5; garage. Lovely views, sea 7 mins. Riding, swimming, tennis. 42 Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.10.

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CARAVAN (Surrey) to let, July 25th–Aug. 12th. £3 10s. Roomy, attractive, fully equipped three, own sanitation. ALLEN, 109 Abbey Road Mansions, N.W.8.

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ARGYLL. Furnished house to let, Oct. 1st; 4 rec., 4 bdrms., with h. and c. Electricity. 'Phone. Lovely situation, half-mile Iona Ferry. £2 weekly, Achaban House, Fionphort, Isle of Mull.

NORFOLK BROADS. Cottage to let, 4 rooms, 5 beds. Garage. Dinghy. Electric light and cooking. Conveniences. Sailing boat extra. Apply 10.30–6. J. CLARKE HALL, 146 Fleet St., E.C.4. Central 4116.

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CHELSEA. To let furnished, comfortable, spacious, two-room flat, every convenience. 27s. 6d. p.w. Or large bed-sitting room, service if required. O., 114 King's Road, Sloane Square.

CHELSEA, King's Road, close Town Hall. Furnished self-contained flat to let. Large sitting-room, bedroom (double), bathroom, kitchen. Very low rent to immediate suitable tenant. SMITH, 7 Cannon Place, N.W.3. Hampstead 6662.

CHELSEA. Beautifully furnished one-roomed flat, sleeping bay, kitchen, refrigerator, bathroom, c.h.w. to Let, Aug., Sept., Oct. 2½ *gns.* weekly. Box 2446.

HIGHGATE VILLAGE, N.6. To Let, unfurnished, two large rooms and kitchen. C.h.w. and share bathroom two others. Beautiful position. Suit professional woman. £120 with e.l. Box 2444.

MISCELLANEOUS

HANDWOVEN CURTAINS FROM CYPRUS of cotton and raw wool. Natural white with horizontal coloured stripe. 3s. 6d. per yard. Send for samples of this charming and unique fabric to sole importer, GERALD HOLTOM, furnishing agent, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

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FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, M.B.E., 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Marxists and their treacherous allies against the just fury of the people. In token of his gratitude he will appoint the present king first Gauleiter of England, and grant him a wing of Buckingham Palace as his official residence.

England has a great past behind her! Let her now attain complete face-fulfilment by merging that glorious history in the triumphant onward march of the Nordic Race! J. C. B. DATE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 290.—POST-MORTEM

"I don't know if there's a problem in this," writes "Enquirer," "but it seems to me there might be.

"I caught the last 'bus home the other night and there was only one seat unoccupied. All the other passengers, I gathered, had been taking part in a partnership Bridge drive. Each pair had had to play five rubbers and each pair—to the great jubilation of the party—had won every rubber played. This fact, though remarkable, was not nearly so remarkable as other facts which subsequently emerged.

"The first of these was that each pair, in addition to winning all its rubbers, had won the same amount in cash. I gathered that a rubber was not 'won' unless the winning pair won by over 50 points, and that cash settlement, as in most clubs, was on the basis of so much per hundred, calculated to the nearest hundred. In this drive the basis of payment had been:

For the first rubber	.. ..	1s. per 100.
,, second ,,	.. ..	2s. ,,
,, third ,,	.. ..	3s. ,,
,, fourth ,,	.. ..	4s. ,,
,, fifth ,,	.. ..	5s. ,,

The second remarkable fact was that each pair, in addition to winning the same amount in cash, had averaged the same amount per 100 points won. I gathered also that no two pairs had 'clocked up' the total amount won in precisely the same way, while every method of 'clocking up' this total, consistent with the number of pairs in the party, had been utilised.

"There was also much hilarity in connection with a sweep, the prize in which went to the pair who had won most in the last two rubbers. This prize went to two brothers named Deuceace, and I daresay it will interest you to try and work out what their winnings on these last two rubbers were."

After pondering the contents of "Enquirer's" letter I sent him the following wire:

"How many seats were there on the bus?"

And I received the following somewhat tantalising reply:

"The number of seats on the bus was equal to the number of shillings which the Deuceace brothers won in the last three rubbers."

What were the successive scores of the five rubbers won by the brothers Deuceace?

PROBLEM 288.—STRULDBRUGS

By M. G. Kendall

Solution by Mr. Kendall

Suppose there are n letters, and consider an unterminating random series of the letters; the chance of any particular letter being a specified letter is $\frac{1}{n}$. The question is, what is the average length of the run in such a series for every letter to appear at least once?

In such a series the expected run required to reach one of P (S_n) specified letters is $\frac{n}{P}$, say $\frac{1}{p}$.

For the chance that the first is one of the P is p. The chance that the second is one of the P but the first is not, is $(1-p)\,p$. The chance that the third is one of the P but the first two are not is $(1-p)^2 p$ and so on. Thus the average length of run is:

$$p + 2(1-p)p + 3(1-p)^2 p + \ldots$$
$$= p\,[1 + 2(1-p) + 3(1-p)^2 + \ldots]$$
$$= \frac{p}{[1-(1-p)]^2} = \frac{1}{p}, \text{ as stated.}$$

Hence, if at any stage there are P letters left to be obtained the average length of the run required to get one of them is $\frac{n}{P}$. Moreover, the runs are independent. Hence the length of run required to get all the letters is

$$\frac{n}{n} + \frac{n}{n-1} + \frac{n}{n-2} + \ldots \frac{n}{1}$$
$$= n\left[1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} + \ldots + \frac{1}{n}\right]$$

By adding the reciprocate we find that, for $n = 19$ run $= 67.4$, $n = 20$ run $= 71.95$ (corresponding to age 70.95).

Hence there are 20 *letters*.

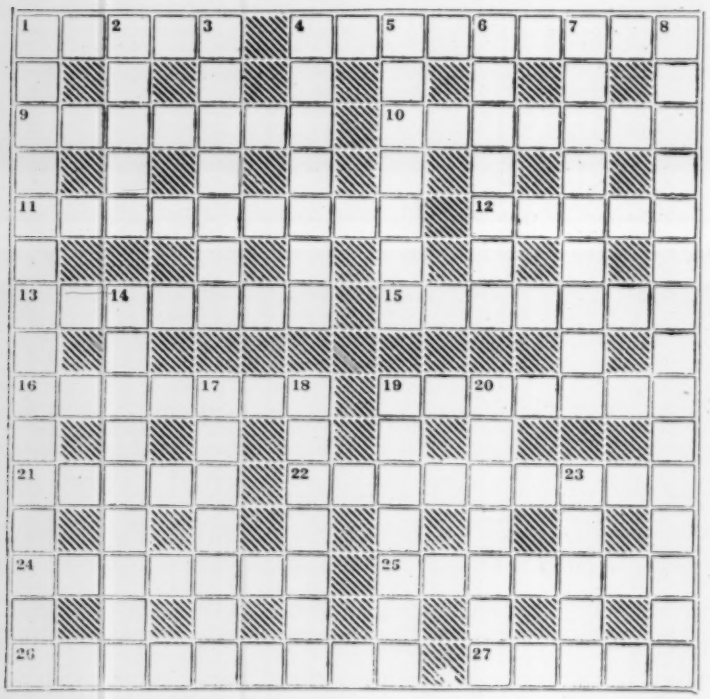
PROBLEM 287.—CLARISSA'S HOMEWORK

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: C. Kenworthy, Y.M.C.A., Great Russell Street, W.C.1. *Six* points are awarded. CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 437

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
A. D. Cledwyn, 9 Museum Chambers, W.C.1

ACROSS

1. End of 4 of betrayal. (5)
4. "Do lean down low" in song. (9)
9. Give the plum air to get bloom. (7)
10. Florally bowl as it were. (7)
11. Gardeners might call it a blighter when the wind's up. (9)
12. Ghazi, or his subject. (5)
13 (rev.). They make the turnover when the hay is cut. (7)
15. Doubly done in the trenches of course. (7)
16. Immaterially stuffy. (7)
19. You might find him immersed in gun lore. (7)
21. Mayhap he will give you a measure. (5)
22. Paid back his Majesty without a rag. (9)
24. If it was your feelings that were wounded long ago, you could not produce such evidence of it. (7)
25. Grass to spare. (7)
26. Trees as side lines as it were. (9)
27. Put divinity to the test? (5)

DOWN

1. You'd think they would put the blooming wind up China's adversaries. (15)
2. The rider is not so wet. (5)
3. Break up a huge sod. (7)
4. Flower that is always in bloom? (7)
5. How things were rooted to the spot. (7)
6. A laborious process. (7)
7. Two circles o roses in the nursery (9)
8. Antithesis of Morning Glory. (15)
14. Top soiled as it were. (9)
17. Our daughter Elspeth, I calculate, is too self centred. (7)
18. Would provide suitable shade in the vale of tears. (7)
19. Shooting articles. (7)
20. Like your figure. (7)
23. A thousand to this it's a gourd. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	T	H	E	C	L	O	S	E	S	E	A	S	O	N
■	A	■	X	■	O	■	T	■	A	■	I	■	U	■
T	R	A	P	■	S	E	A	A	N	E	M	O	N	E
■	A	■	L	■	T	■	B	■	C	■	L	■	C	■
A	N	C	O	R	A	■	L	E	T	T	E	R	E	D
■	T	■	D	■	R	■	E	■	U	■	S	■	■	■
L	U	C	E	N	T	■	C	A	M	P	S	H	O	T
■	L	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	U	■
B	A	D	D	R	E	A	M	■	J	A	U	N	T	Y
■	■	■	E	■	Y	■	P	■	A	■	N	■	O	■
S	U	B	P	O	E	N	A	■	C	H	I	E	F	S
■	R	■	O	■	B	■	N	■	O	■	F	■	D	■
D	I	S	S	U	A	S	I	O	N	■	I	V	A	N
■	A	■	I	■	L	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	T	■
A	L	I	T	T	L	E	N	U	T	T	R	E	E	■

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse to insert any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, July 24th, at 11 a.m.; MR. H. L. BEALES: "EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY." 7 p.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "POPULATION FALLACIES.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, July 24th, at 11 a.m., JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES: "MENTAL ASPECTS OF A.R.P." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations 1s.; Library books 2d.; Catalogue 6d. Open Mondays 7-9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

A RISING OUT OF THE RECENT ABORTION TRIAL, A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at ST. PANCRAS TOWN HALL on Wed., July 27th, at 8 p.m., on MATERNAL RIGHTS. PROMINENT SPEAKERS.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CICELY C. WRIGHT, Ltd. The Advisory Bureau of the above Educational Agency gives reliable information concerning Girls' SCHOOLS of all types, Boys' Preparatory Schools, SECRETARIAL and other TRAININGS. 50 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. (A Public School for Girls. Founded 1858.)
The fullest opportunity is given for the development of personality and individual gifts. Self-disciplined freedom, adequate leisure, a sound curriculum, including the study of the evolution of civilisation, and of civic, national and international affairs, prepare the girls for world-citizenship and service. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss Baker, B.A.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession and for advanced work in Music or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield, Hants. (Founded 1893.) A co-educational boarding school for boys and girls from 11–19. Separate junior school for those from 5–11. Inspected by the Board of Education. Country estate of 150 acres. Home Farm. Education is on modern lines and aims at securing the fullest individual development in, and through, the community. Headmaster: F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound, early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls, 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS. Preparatory School, Boys and Girls. 7–14. Recognised by the Board of Education. Modern outlook.

FOREST School, co-educational, boarding, 5–18 years, individual time-tables. 40 acres parkland. Reepham, Norfolk.

BELTANE SCHOOL, Wimbledon (WIM. 1589). Day and Boarding, boys and girls, 5–18 years.

THE BYRON HOUSE SCHOOL, HIGHGATE, N.6. Recognised by the Board of Education. Day school for Boys and Girls from 5–14 years. Nursery class 2–5 years. Mountview 6403.

PINEHURST HOME SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, Kent. Co-education 3 to 12 years. Food reform diet. Sunbathing. Riding. MISS M. B. REID, Goudhurst 116.

THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU recommend without charge reliable Boarding Schools for boys and girls. Tutors, Secretarial and Finishing Schools at home and abroad. 7 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1 (HOLborn 8901).

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 16 Wedderburn Road, N.W.3. (near Hampstead Heath), a modern co-educational school. Languages taught by new methods throughout the school by qualified native teachers. Special arrangements for children as day-boarders until 6 p.m., or as weekly or termly boarders. Apply PRINCIPALS: HAMpstead 0648.

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with

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

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LONDON, W.C. 2

SCHOOLS—continued

HAMPDEN SCHOOL, 14, HOLLAND PARK, W.11. A non-profitmaking co-educational day school offering a comprehensive education by modern methods to usual school leaving age. Vacancies for children 5–9 for Autumn Term (Sept. 21st). Children 5 and over acquire French and German from native teachers by natural method. Apply, LESLIE BREWER, Headmaster. PARK 4775.

OXFORD. Domestic Science in cultural surroundings at Housecraft Hostel attached to Wychwood School. Cookery, dressmaking, etc. taught by experienced Warden; diplomas prepared for if desired. Boating, riding, and games facilities. Apply MARGARET LEE, M.A.

PICKFORD'S EDUCATIONAL SERVICE. Advice given FREE OF CHARGE concerning schools, families of culture, both in England and on the Continent. Under the personal management of MISS NANCY BARROWS, M.A. (Oxon.). Write or call, 206 High Holborn, W.C.1.

HIGH MARCH, Beaconsfield. Boarding house opening in September in connection with this progressive school. Girls 5-14. Head Mistress: Miss Warr.

CHALLONER SCHOOL, 71 & 72 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Frobisher 4223.
A Day and Boarding School for Girls where a liberal education achieves a high standard of work. Preparatory Department for boys and girls.

KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY, Herts. Co-educational Boarding and Day School, conducted according to the pedagogy of Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

KESWICK SCHOOL, Derwentwater. Progressive education stressing Art, Music, Handicraft. Boys and girls 8-19. Laboratories, etc., rebuilding. Frequent open scholarships. Fees £82.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Nursery class attached. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2-14 years old.

CITIZENSHIP HOUSE, WESTONBIRT, TETBURY, GLOS. A year's course for girls of 17 and over. Modern history, economics, outlines of government, local and central. Biology, psychology, infant welfare. An introduction to the social services by observation and practical work. Apply Warden.

CUDHAM HALL, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Progressive Home School for young children. Delightful country surroundings. Open-air life. Riding School on premises. All-round education at moderate inclusive fees. MISS M. K. WILSON. Tel.: Biggin Hill 203.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland. Recognised, fully equipped, 150 pupils, boys and girls, 10–19. Boarding and tuition fee £22 10s. per term.

SWISS COTTAGE. Lyndale School. Boys and girls from 2½. Open-air life. 67 Eton Avenue. PRI. 6466.

SCHOOLS—continued

DUNNOW HALL, Clitheroe, Lancs. Co-educational School under direct medical supervision. Numbers strictly limited, and special attention devoted to delicate and difficult children. Modern psychological methods. Kindergarten to School Certificate. Arrangements made for holidays. Apply Medical Principal.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

L'AVENIR, Villars-sur-Ollen, Switzerland (4,100ft.), Twenty boys and girls (4 to 18).

ONLY BOOK AUTHORISED BY H.M.C.
PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK.
Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult re schools, careers, professions, etc. 10s. 6d. net. YEAR BOOK PRESS, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.
SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.

The Council invites applications for a full-time Lectureship and Studio Instructorship (Ungraded) in Architecture at a salary of £300 per annum, the appointment for Session 1938–39 to date from October 1, 1938.
Further details regarding the appointment, which is subject to the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities, may be obtained from the Registrar.
Applications, accompanied by drawings or photographs of work, two testimonials, and the names of two referees, should reach the undersigned not later than September 14, 1938.
July, 1938. STANLEY BUMBELL, Registrar.

COVENTRY CITY LIBRARIES.

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of ASSISTANT CATALOGUER. Candidates must have the Associateship qualification of the Library Association, or have completed the course for the School of Librarianship Diploma, and be competent typists.
The salary will be £150, rising (subject to satisfactory service) by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £200 per annum. The post is designated under the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, as amended by the Coventry Corporation Act, 1936, and the person appointed will be required to pass a satisfactory medical examination.
Applications, accompanied by not more than three testimonials, must reach the undersigned by not later than Wednesday, August 3rd.
E. AUSTIN HINTON, City Librarian
Gulson (Central) Library, Coventry.

THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE (University of London) proposes to appoint as from 1st October, 1938, an ASSISTANT LECTURER IN ENGLISH to be responsible for lectures and classes in English studied as a foreign language. Salary-scale £275–£325 per annum. Particulars and an application form (returnable before 2nd September, 1938) from the DIRECTOR, Houghton Street, W.C.2.

PSYCHOLOGIST (part-time) (man) required by London County Council at the Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5 (for neuroses and curable mental disorder—voluntary patients). Age under 40. Duties mainly with children attending out-patients' department. Salary £170 a year of 48 weeks for five sessions of 2½ hours each week. No emoluments. Non-pensionable. For application form, returnable by 30th July, send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT. Canvassing disqualifies.

TRAINED Librarian (School of Librarianship Diploma, 1934 [MacAlister Medal]) and Cambridge Honours Graduate (History, 2nd Class) seeks employment in library or with publishers or booksellers, preferably London. Public and academic library, also bibliographical experience [Temporary Assistant Librarian, King's College, 1936–7], some bookshop experience. A. M. C. FIELD, 85c Marchmont Street, W.C.1.

AUSTRIAN Girl, forced to give up employment as hairdresser and manicurist, seeks job in England as parlourmaid. Speaks English. Details from English friends. Write Box 2454.

PART-TIME occupation sought by educated man, aged 30, good linguist, statistician, organising ability, wide commercial and financial experience, progressive views. Secretarial or research work preferred, but other offers gladly considered. Write BM/CEVT, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED lady secretary seeks responsible post. Interested left movement, also good musician. Box 2393.

SOCIALIST desires post where her initiative, political experience and literary ability may have scope. Free September. Box 2439.

AUSTRIAN Specialist for backward and *problem children*, seeks post as Governess. Highly educated, best Engl. references. Write Box 2460.

YOUNG WRITER (21), varied experience, seeks whole or part-time employment. Anything considered. Box 2461.

GERMAN lady, age 20, seeks post *au pair*. German lessons. Write JAEGER, Sherborne School for Girls, Dorset.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 165

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET GOES ON—COURTAULDS—BUILDING PLANS—BANK STATEMENTS

ONCE again Wall Street has given a booming lead to the speculative markets. It has gone through its corrective or consolidation period without any marked decline in prices, which is an extraordinary performance seeing that the Dow Jones industrial index had risen in the first upward surge by 22 per cent. and the rail index by 39 per cent. I imagine that the restrictions upon short-selling must be responsible for this orderly consolidation of the rise. This week the advance was resumed with a turnover of nearly 3,000,000 shares on Tuesday when the industrial index closed 3.3 up at 143.6. Many speculators had waited for the penetration of the 140 level as the next favourable sign and such is the psychology of the mob (which now seems to direct human affairs) that the bulls are now confidently talking of a further advance in the industrial index to 160. The excitement on Tuesday was caused by the news that at the conference between the railroad executives and the unions the executives had pressed for a 15 per cent. cut in wages with the prospect, no doubt, of compromising at a 10 per cent. cut. Railroad common stocks therefore lead the advance this week—an astonishing spectacle seeing that about one-third of the total railroad mileage of America is in bankruptcy. However, apart from this depressed area, Government spending at the rate of nearly $300 millions per month is having its effect upon the consumer goods trades. The textile industries report increased activity. Bituminous coal production is rising rapidly, steel operations have advanced to 36 per cent. and are being talked to over 50 per cent. before the end of August, and, what is more important, the amount of building permits is steadily advancing each month. Thus, the first signs of the trade revival are at hand, but will the inflation of consumer demand be followed by a revival in capital goods? That is the gamble, which will not be settled probably until after the November elections. Investors who have seen their American stocks now recover nearly half the losses sustained between March, 1937, and March, 1938, will not be blamed for selling some of their more speculative holdings on this amazingly rapid rise. Wednesday's set-back, caused partly by news of an onslaught by the Administration on holding companies in the cinema industry, provides a warning that fluctuations in the market may be sharp.

* * *

Courtaulds do nothing by halves, except the dividend. The interim was actually cut from 3½ per cent. to 1½ per cent. and if they pay 4½ per cent. for the year (against 10½ per cent.) they will probably be acting charitably towards their shareholders. The shock to the market was to learn that even the 1½ per cent. interim dividend had not been earned. In other words, net profits could not have exceeded £261,000 in the first half of the year (against £2,073,000 for the twelve months of 1937) of which about £190,000 (net) was derived from nearly £15¼ millions of British Government securities. Has Courtaulds become like an American common stock? The chairman was not unduly pessimistic in his speech in March: yet the directors now declare that the operations of their American Viscose subsidiary were "quite unremunerative" in the first half of 1938. Did the directors not appreciate the rapid rate at which a slump can progress in the United States when there is a complete lack of confidence and a strike of private capital? If they were taken by surprise in America they might at any rate have anticipated the market in Great Britain. But it appears that production in this country has been maintained month after month this year in excess of consumption. It is a sad story and I doubt whether investors will ever come again to regard Courtaulds as a suitable exchange from the gilt-edged market. Courtaulds, in fact, is not another Imperial Tobacco. It is a "cyclical" share, exposed to the full effects of American instability and the ups and downs of commodity prices (reacting upon the export and domestic trades). Courtaulds shares have fallen from a high level of 48*s*. 3*d*. this year to the present price of 29*s*. 3*d*. and must now be classed as a speculative "recovery" stock. As the Wall Street boom continues they may even attract speculative buyers.

* * *

The City derived moderate encouragement from the June return of building plans approved. The value was 7 per cent. lower than a year ago; but, combining the figures with those for May (so as to eliminate the Whitsuntide fluctuation), the decline of activity is little more than 3 per cent.—a marked improvement on the steep recession shown in February–April. House-building, in fact, remains at a remarkably high level; and, though private construction continues to recede slowly from the peak reached three years ago, slum clearance and municipal building is increasing sufficiently to take up much of the slack—a consideration heartening to holders of brick shares. Industrial and commercial builders—the chief users of constructional steel—are distinctly less active, but it should be borne in mind that factories constructed on rearmament account are excluded from the return of plans passed. The Government's factory-building programme is already substantial, and is being increased. All in all, the building industry is showing considerable resistance to the depression affecting other sections of the capital goods industries.

* * *

The half-yearly statements of the clearing banks suggest that the moderate trade recession which has taken place in this country during the past twelve months has been accepted, as it were, passively by the banking community. Since the downward turn in the trade cycle was not preceded on this occasion by a final inflationary boom phase, there has been a complete absence of any effort (or need) to curtail credit. On the other hand, no endeavour has been made to neutralise tendencies towards depression by a planned expansion of bank credit. Between January and June this year advances rose fractionally, though by an amount much smaller than the expansion which was registered a year ago. Since April they have tended to decline, but not in a degree greater than might be expected from the reluctance of industrialists to borrow for fresh commitments at a time of lessening expectation of profit. Cash reserves are a little higher than a year ago, the banks not yet having restored their investment portfolios to the level at which they stood before their reduction to make way for last year's expansion in advances. Discounts, on the other hand, are up; and on June 30th total deposits were practically unchanged in comparison with a year ago. From the point of view of holders of bank shares, the average composition of earning assets during the first half of 1938 leads to the conclusion that net profits have in all probability been maintained, or indeed may have slightly increased.

Company Meeting

ALLIED BAKERIES

NEW ACQUISITIONS

The third Annual General Meeting of ALLIED BAKERIES, LIMITED, was held on July 20th at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Mr. W. GARFIELD WESTON (the chairman) said that they were still labouring under the inconvenience of certain profit adjustments, where companies had been brought into the group during the period covered by the accounts. For the current year, if all the companies maintained their earnings, the net trading profits should be around £293,000. The present issued capital had not been operating for the full year, but they had been able to pay a final dividend of 6 per cent. on the total Ordinary capital, making 10 per cent. for the year. The company was in a far stronger position than last year. Cash and investments, over 90 per cent. of which were in Government short-term loans, amounted to over £317,000; the goodwill item stood at only 2¾ years' purchase of the net trading profit, against which they had a share premium account of £230,000.

During the year they had further strengthened the position by bringing into the group nine well-established and well-known businesses. No business had been purchased by them merely for the sake of increasing the size of the company.

Their policy had been to make progress through supplying bread of the highest possible quality. They were confident that that was the right policy and, when favourable opportunities occurred for expansion in districts where their organisation was not adequately represented, the directors had decided to obtain a footing in such areas. Not only had there been a definite plan behind each acquisition in relation to the broad aspect of rationalisation, but in every case the management of the company to be acquired had been willing to remain with them and to accept shares in the company as the major part of the purchase price.

The problem of management had always been foremost in their minds, for they had felt that mere size without expert and progressive management was only a liability. They were, therefore, interested only in making their group a model organisation, pledged to provide the best possible product that modern equipment and efficient distribution could offer. They had spent much effort and money on modernising the equipment in some of their subsidiaries, and they would not rest content until the most up-to-date machinery and equipment was standard throughout the group. Trading results so far in the current year were ahead of last year, and they hoped to present even better results at the next meeting.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

UNITED DOMINIONS TRUST

NEW RECORDS ACHIEVED

THE Sixteenth Annual General Meeting of the United Dominions Trust Limited was held on July 20 at Regis House, London, E.C.

Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie (chairman and managing director) said that the financial year just ended had been fraught with many difficulties and anxieties, but once again their accounts disclosed a new high level of business transacted, of profits earned, and a general development of their companies' scope and interests which should be reflected in still greater strength and growth in years to come.

The improvement was due to some extent to the fact that they had been able to secure new accounts and to extend their service into new fields. It was satisfying to realise that even in a very difficult year they had continued to strengthen their foundation and broaden their basis, and to find the company more securely established in the economic and banking structure. Their policy was to continue to expand their activities without sacrificing in any way the conservative principles on which the business had been established. They did not look for—in fact, they would avoid—spectacular advances, but at the same time more and more businesses looked to them to satisfy those commercial requirements which they had equipped themselves to meet.

The capital now stood at £1,100,000 and the profit for the year had increased to £213,248. Income tax and provision for N.D.C. had risen from £41,030 to £63,995. The consolidated statement showed the strength of the company. Capital and reserve accounts amounted to approximately one-third of the aggregate figures and the balances at bankers and cash in hand amounted to £1,017,399. Taxation had become oppressive; where the safety of the country was concerned there would be no limit set, but the burden of taxation on industry might conceivably stifle the effort by which it was satisfied.

A UNIQUE POSITION

The Trust occupied a unique position as a commercial bank supplementing the service of the ordinary banker, providing finance for the distribution of goods rather than for their manufacture. By granting facilities to trading and manufacturing clients, they made it possible for the latter to give credit in turn to their customers. The company had been responsible to a very great extent for a large increase in retail turnover in capital and semi-capital goods; the range was very wide and embraced machinery and plant of every description, motor vehicles, farm equipment and implements, refrigerators and other domestic appliances. The list was almost endless.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Another comparatively recent addition to their service was their Agricultural Department, under which the company provided finance for the acquisition of all kinds of live stock and dead stock. These facilities enabled the farmer to keep his livestock at the proportion necessary for his farming responsibilities.

It was a great pity, however, that this service had evoked criticism and obstruction from certain people who, one would have thought, were interested enough in the farmers' welfare to welcome the financial help offered.

The amount of business they had transacted under their Agricultural Department, the progressive growth of the business, and the benefit that had accrued to farmers using the facilities that they provided, was adequate evidence that they were not only meeting the credit-worthy farmers' needs but doing it at rates which they found tolerable and profitable.

United Dominions Trust (Electric), Limited, was a company constituted to provide financial facilities for the electrical industry. Electricity was now an essential in the homes of the people and the financial requirements were of such a special nature that they had come to the conclusion that electrical finance was entitled to a company of its own.

Credit for Industry, Limited, was another of their companies constituted for a particular purpose. Larger advances were again shown after substantial repayments during the year. The service being rendered to British industry by that company was very much greater than the figures indicated. They had been the first in that particular field and could reflect with satisfaction on the usefulness of the company to the country in connection with the great problem of the special areas. He believed that the company could continue to be of service to the industrial community long after the special areas had ceased to be so regarded. The times were not propitious for a large increase in the activities of that company, but, as and when money conditions tightened, it was reasonable to suppose it would have a field of finance which it might look on as, in a measure, its own.

Dealing with their other activities, he said that British Medical Finance Limited provided a service recognised by the medical profession as the approved service when the purchase of practices was being considered. The South African Company had made a satisfactory beginning.

Summing up, in conclusion, he said that the board anticipated a progressively forward growth in strength, service to their customers and profits. In the absence of a major catastrophe they could scarcely fail to continue their progress.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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